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VISIT TO GRAND-PAPA;

OR,

A WEEK AT NEWPORT.

BY

SARAH S. CAHOONE.

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VISIT TO GRAND-PAPA.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Thornton's Breakfast-Table—Conversation on board the Steam-Boat—Arrival at Newport—Reception of the young Strangers.

"ANOTHER cup if you please, Miss Katie" said Mr. Thornton as he handed his cup to his daughter, "and then I will take a turn out and look for this lagging steamer that should have been in an hour since."

"We shall doubtless hear the bell before we finish breakfast," replied Miss Katie, "and if we do not it cannot be unpleasant on the water in such a morning as this, dear Sir."

"Not even to be tumbling about in the surf at our sweet 'Point *Comfort*' I suppose," replied the old

WOR 2[illegible]N 3 4

gentleman, ironically, "but remember Katie, every body cannot relish such a pastime."

"Neither should I, my dear Father," returned his daughter as she presented his coffee, "but I think there cannot be a great swell even at Point Judith to-day, for there is scarcely a breath of wind."

"I do not remember ever to have heard of even a steam-boat that would move more rapidly and easily through a heavy sea because there was no wind," returned Mr. Thornton, smiling, "however, we shall see, Miss Katie, we shall see."

"Ah, a fresh supply of muffins, I see, Phillis," observed Mrs. Guthrie, the aged housekeeper, as the black woman entered. "This way my "neat-handed Phillis," and let your master pay his respects to them." cried Mr. Thornton, adding, "Pshaw, Katie, I wish those urchins were here to partake of them." "Mrs. Guthrie will take care that a warm breakfast shall be ready for them, Sir," replied Miss Katie, in her quiet manner.

"Well Cato," exclaimed her father, as the aged black entered, and stationed himself behind his chair, "How far off may they be by this time, my good Cato?"

"'Bout seven mile, Massa," answered the black,

bowing respectfully, though he stood at his master's back. "They have a sorry time of it, I think," returned the old gentleman; "is there a heavy sea, Cato?"

"Berry hebby, Sir," replied Cato, gravely shaking his grey head.

"Ay, I am convinced by the roaring of all the beaches, that there has been a storm at sea.—But how soon, think you, will the tardy boat be in, Cato?"

"'Bout twenty or tirty minutes, Sir."

"Well, we must have patience, Miss Katie. We must have patience, Mrs. Guthrie," said the gentleman, although the latter lady had not manifested the slightest symptom of impatience, "Rome was not built in a day, you know,—my good Cato;—so we must all have patience."

Cato grinned, as he always did, when addressed thus familiarly by his master, but remained respectfully silent.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Guthrie, that every thing is prepared for their reception?" asked the young lady, as they rose from the table.

"Quite ready, and every thing in its proper place, Miss Katie, except the servants' beds," answered the worthy housekeeper, as she piled her

cups, and gathered up the spoons—"and they will be prepared, as soon as I know how many servants Mrs. Thornton brings with her."

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, "there goes the boat-bell, Cato!"

"Dat must be cutter-bell, Sir," replied Cato.

"'Tis the steam-boat, I tell you," said Mr. Thornton, positively—"Katie, ring for my shoes, child."

"Would Massa choose me take *Shay* to de wharf?" asked Cato.

"Miss Thornton's low chaise will scarcely accommodate Mrs. Thornton and her whole family," replied his master, "besides, there will be baggage, you know."

"Massa Seabury hack berry soon get ready, Sir."

"You are right, Cato, and you must go with it, to look to the baggage. So off with you, or my daughter-in-law will think we are all dead," rejoined Mr. Thornton, and gaily added, "Hey-day! Mrs. Guthrie! we are likely to have a little bustle about the house now, I think."

"Yes, Sir, I rather think we shall," replied the worthy housekeeper, casting an anxious look around her nicely polished furniture, and neatly swept carpets.

"Ah! well! never mind; it is only for a week you know—we shall soon be left to be as quiet as we like, again," observed the old gentleman, as he held up his feet alternately, for the servant to fasten his immense shoe-buckles. "And now Bill, my hat and cane.—Tush!" continued Mr. Thornton, as he moved to the door, "Cato was right after all, the steamer is beyond Beaver-tail light-house, yet! they will not be in this half hour,—and I shall have time enough for my morning's walk yet, Katie."

Mr. Thornton then quitted the house, leaving his daughter, and Mrs. Guthrie, to make what improvements they pleased, in their arrangements for the reception of their expected guests. The servants were, accordingly, soon engaged in all the bustle of preparation,—every face wearing an expression of satisfaction and every ear listening in pleased attention to the anecdotes related by Cato and Phillis, who, having attended Miss Katie, and her father, in their frequent visits to New York, delighted in expatiating on the excellency and accomplishments, which they imagined, distinguished the children of "dear, good, lamented Mr. Harry"—for to them every thing connected with their deceased favorite, appeared interesting and lovely.

The young people, whose expected arrival had occasioned so much bustle and excitement in the usually quiet and orderly family of Mr. Thornton, were all this time tossing about in the heavy sea, which is always so rough at Point Judith, as to render that part of the little voyage from New-York to Newport the dread of all who are in the least degree liable to sea-sickness. Unable longer to endure the distressing motion of their heavy vessel, and the confined air of the cabin, Mrs. Thornton and her two daughters had repaired at sun-rise to the deck, where, finding themselves much refreshed by the pure and balmy air of a sweet summer's morning, and charmed by the delightful prospects around them, that lady had despatched her second servant to the gentlemen's cabin, to awaken her sons, that they might partake of her enjoyment.

Most of the passengers had already assembled at breakfast, but the young gentlemen were still sleeping so soundly, that it was some moments before the servant succeeded in arousing them.

"How now! Tom!" exclaimed Francis Thornton, impatiently, "what do you mean by shaking a fellow at this rate? I am inclined to sleep longer, Sir!"

"But you must please to get up, Sir—Mrs. Thornton wishes you to prepare for going on shore," returned the servant; "the other gentlemen are all at breakfast, and we are off Point Judith, Sir."

"Point Judith! breakfast! deck!" repeated Frank, bewildered, and rubbing his eyes as he strove to recollect himself; "Oh! Tom! how horribly the boat rolls!" he added, falling back on his pillow; "I heartily wish you had not awakened me!"

"Mrs. Thornton sent me, Sir," was the reply; "she wishes you to enjoy the prospect and fresh air; besides, Sir, it is breakfast-time."

"What's that you are saying there about prospects, Tom?" cried Alfred, stretching and yawning; "prospects indeed! what are prospects to a man dying of sea-sickness?—and *breakfast*, too! poh! go, eat it yourself, and be thankful for your appetite—but there must be a terrible tempest, Tom—Bless me! how the boat rolls! where are we, man?"

"We are doubling Point Judith, Sir, in as fine a summer's morning as ever shone," answered Thomas, laughing.

"You are out of your senses, to say so—or you

think *we* are, if you expect to be believed," said Alfred. "Get up, Frank, and let us see what is the matter on deck."

"Get up!" echoed Frank, "I feel as if I should never do that again, Alf. Harkee, Tom, you said something about *doubling* Point Judith," he added, endeavouring to laugh; "Where is the use of *doubling* it, boy, when it is bad enough to go over it once?" Frank sprung from his berth as he spoke, but a sudden pitch of the vessel nearly threw him back, and catching at the side, he continued, "Hark ye, Tom Robinson, go with my respectful compliments, to my mother, and tell her that Mr. Frank Thornton is thoroughly cured of his predilection for a sea life. She will be teazed no longer I think, about getting me into the navy—Why, bless me, Alf!" he said, turning to his brother, "how much wiser has a sail of eighteen hours made me!"

This speech was applauded by a hearty laugh, not only from Alfred, but from two or three gentlemen, who had yet lingered in their berths, and were now endeavoring between every pitch of the vessel, to escape from her cabin.

"Well said! Commodore! well said, my hero of the navy," cried Alfred, endeavoring to appear

gay, but uttering an involuntary tone, he added hastily, "Get me out, Tom! get me on deck, if you have any bowels of compassion," but as he was quitting the cabin, with Tom's assistance, he looked back at his brother, and exclaimed, "Good day to you, *Captain* Thornton of the Navy!"

"Captain!" repeated Frank; "*Captain*, indeed!—my ambition had pointed to a higher step of the ladder of promotion, than *that*, I can tell you!—but I am cured—positively *cured*; one such horrible lurch is enough to quell the courage of a bolder heart!—and yet it is a pity, Tom," he laughingly added, as that personage re-entered the cabin, "for, with such qualifications as mine, what a hero I should have made!—an *Admiral*, at the lowest calculation!—oh Tom! Tom! what a loss to America!—Let Britain rejoice, and—and—let *me* get out of the cabin, while I can."

"Come hither, Francis Thornton," cried his mother, when he appeared on deck; "come hither, my son, and, for the first time, behold the birth-place of your father."

That father, so lately lost, and so deservedly dear, every thought of whom awakened the tenderest regrets in the affectionate bosoms of his children, was no sooner mentioned than Frank's

cheer was changed. He drew his hand several times across his eyes and gazed some moments in silence on the shore, thinking only of the beloved relative whose image his mother's words had recalled so vividly to his recollection. Starting, at length he exclaimed, in a subdued voice, "This then, is Rhode-Island."

Mrs. Thornton had leaned her face on her hand, to conceal the emotions which she could not suppress, and sat absorbed in a train of agitating and mournful reflections, while, respecting her sorrows, her children remained profoundly silent. Even little Emma, as she held by her cloak, and gazed wistfully up in her face, stood mute and motionless.

"What a beautiful bay is here," whispered Alfred at length, as he drew the hand of his eldest sister beneath his arm, and led her a few paces apart,—"what a beautiful bay is here, studded with its pretty green islets, Ellen. I have been in vain endeavoring, ever since I came on deck," he continued, "to recollect those verses, which my father wrote on beholding his native land at a distance, on his return to it for the first time. Perhaps they were composed on this very spot. Will you oblige me by repeating them?"

"Certainly, if you wish it brother, but let us move a little farther off, or Mamma may hear me;" and being conducted by her brother, to a greater distance from the group, in a soft low voice, Ellen repeated the following juvenile production of her father:—

LINES.

All hail to the Isle which afar on the ocean,
Floats like a cloud of blue mist in the sky;
I greet it, though distant, with joyful emotion,
While tears of affection flow fast from mine eye.

All hail, lovely Isle, o'er the billows appearing,
In Summer's own beauty, all verdant and fair;
Every tie this fond heart has yet held most endearing,
The friends of my bosom—my kindred are there.

O ye soft ocean breezes! more strongly be blowing,
Till safely our vessel is moor'd by its shore;
Ye slumbering billows more swiftly be flowing,
Till my footstep shall press its green bosom once more.

O there the embrace of true friendship will meet me,
With smiles of glad welcome, as sweet as sincere.
Their parental affection with rapture will greet me,
Tho' its smile of delight should be dimm'd by a tear.

All hail, lovely Isle! happy home of my childhood,
With what joy shall I bound to thy beautiful shore,

Delightedly visit each valley and wild wood,
And scenes of past joy with new rapture explore.

O ye gales that sport round us, more freshly be blowing!
And waft us more swiftly o'er ocean's wide breast;
Ye blue briny billows more swiftly be flowing,
Till we moor in yon isle, our sweet haven of rest.

"Thank you, sister;" said Alfred, as Ellen concluded; "but come," he added, after a short pause, "let us join mamma, and speak cheerfully to her, Ellen—for even Frank, you see, seems to have lost his self-command."

"There are the steeples," were the first words which roused Mrs. Thornton, and her little group from their melancholy ruminations; they were uttered by a person who appeared to be a sailor, just as Alfred and his sister rejoined their mother.

"Where? Where are they? Where is Newport?" demanded little Edward and Emma in one breath, as they eagerly approached the speaker—"Where are the steeples?"

"There away, my little Madam," replied the good-natured tar, pointing as he spoke.

"Will you please to show me where grandpapa lives?" asked Edward, taking the rough hand of the worthy seaman; "don't you know the house, Sir?"

"No my little man," returned the sailor, "I don't know much about this here old place, except that it looks for all the world as if it ought to be *overhauled*, and undergo a new *outfit*."

"But it is a pleasant island," cried Edward; "mamma says it used to be called the Eden of America,—and every body *knows* it is the healthiest place in the Union."

"Ay, ay, *that there's* no false reckoning neither," rejoined his new acquaintance, "for I've seen many a *sheer hulk* towed in here from the South'art, looking just fit for *old Davy*, who has sailed out on't again in six months, all a'tanto with flying colours, on a new cruise of pleasure, as sound and tight as a new Yankee man-of-war's man; but you'll *see* the place now we're running between the points," he added, as the boat, having passed Beaver-tail light-house on the southern extremity of Canonicut, was now gliding rapidly along between that island and Fort Adams, on Brenton's Point, "you'll see the place now, your young honor," said the sailor; "there stands the old town, with the dew shining on its roofs, and the steeples glittering in the sun."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Ellen, as she viewed the noble bay, with its numerous verdant islands,

the shipping in the harbour, and the old town of Newport, seated on a gentle acclivity, and sloping down to the water in the form of a semi-circle. "Beautiful!" she said, "what a delightful scene."

"Ay, ay, there's no need of a better;" returned the honest sailor, who, pleased with the affability, and kind manner of the young party, seemed inclined to keep up the acquaintance; "but you have it in the *nick* now, young Madam, for the sun is *behind it*, and don't show you as he would at noon-day; how much truth there is in what them there chaps say, that don't like the place, that "*Newport is a beauty without paint.*"

"But what forts are these on either side of us?" asked Frank.

"That on the starboard hand, your honor——"

"Nay, my friend, I do not understand *starboard*," interrupted Frank.

"No, the *Admiral* has'nt got to the starboard yet," said Alfred laughing; "but tell us, if you please, what is this."

"That is Fort Wolcott, on Goat Island," answered the seaman; "there-away is Fort Adams, on Brenton's Point; yonder, amongst the *Dumplings* at Canonicut is the old stone Fort Louis, now in ruins; we just now passed close under it.

There again at Rose Island, is a fort and barracks gone to decay, and north'ard o' the town yonder is Fort Green."

"And what is that on the hill yonder behind Fort Greene," enquired Frank; "*that* looks like an intrenchment also."

"Ay, ay, Sir, it *may* look like a *'trenchment* or whatever it pleases, but its only *Tammany Hill* after all."

"You are perhaps a stranger in Newport, my good friend, said a gentleman who had listened with some interest to the questions and observations of the young strangers, and who now addressed the sailor as he joined the party; "you are perhaps a stranger and may never have been informed that 'Tonomy Hill* was once fortified. It terminated the left wing of the intrenchments which the British threw up around the town, while in possession of the Island, and from the vestiges of their works yet remaining, it appears to have been a position of no inconsiderable strength and importance to their garrison."

"Ay, ay, your honor—I dare say you are right," returned the hardy son of Neptune. "I'm

* Vide Note I. at the end of the volume.

but a lubberly pilot in these soundings; I know but little o' the old place except that it has the finest harbor, and the safest anchorage in all America. I've seldom cruised in these latitudes, Sir."

"It *has* the noblest harbor not only in America, but in the *world*, I believe," rejoined the gentleman.

"But Sir—Sir," cried little Edward, encouraged by the benignity of the stranger's countenance, "whose pretty house is that just by Fort Greene, under that hill?"

"It is the "country-seat" of the sick, the aged and the destitute, my dear," replied the gentleman, playfully. Edward looked perplexed and inquisitive, and observing this, the gentleman explained by adding, "It is the Asylum, or Alms-house of Newport, and are you not glad that the poor have so pleasant and comfortable a home provided for them?"

"Yes indeed, Sir, I am very glad. It is the pleasantest poor-house I ever saw," said Edward, "it is so pretty, it looks like a gentleman's seat; almost all I ever saw before are so gloomy that they look like prisons, but this is very pleasant."

"It is indeed a pleasant and commodious dwelling, and Coaster's Harbor Island on which it

stands is a healthy, fertile and well-cultivated little spot," observed the gentleman. "Viewed from hence it looks as if it were a part of Rhode Island projecting into the bay, but in reality, it is itself an island, separated from Rhode-Island by a narrow creek."

"If I do not greatly mistake, Sir" said Alfred, "there was an engagement on this island during the revolutionary war."

"You are correct, Sir," was the reply, "the battle occurred while the British were in possession of the island. It was fought between Quaker Hill and Butts' Hill,—and any of the inhabitants will point out the battle-ground. You will find on the island the remains of many intrenchments that were thrown up during that eventful period, and may collect among the inhabitants of Newport very many amusing anecdotes relative to the Revolution."

"But the battle of which my brother was speaking, Sir," asked Frank, "did it not terminate favorably for the Americans?"

"They drove the British back to their lines, but being disappointed of the aid expected from the French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, they were unable to pursue the advantage they had gained

and the British squadron appearing in the offing, compelled them to abandon their enterprise," answered the gentleman.

"I don't remember much about them there times," observed the sailor; "for why, I wasn't born, then, d'ye see, your honors; but the sharpest fight I ever see since I first set sail for the v'yge o' life, was the battle fout here at Sessawich Beach, in Middletown. It bears here-away, young gentlemen, east and by south, and lies about two or three miles from old Newport. It fell out during the last war. The English king's craft called the Nimrod, chased in one of our merchant-men, and fired on our people who got together to prevent their capturing her. The Nimrod was commanded by one Pigot."

"And you witnessed the battle, my good friend?" cried Alfred, as the young people with awakened interest gathered around the seaman.

"Ay, ay Sir—I happened to be in Newport at the time, and so when the Fencibles and artillery-boys marched down alongside the militia, to drive off the *Englishers*, I went along to lend 'em a hand, d'ye see Sir, for I could'nt see my own countrymen fired on like so many wild ducks, without wishing to give the *furreiners* a blow or two."

"You acted like a true-hearted Yankee, my lad," cried Frank, "and I wish I had been with you, and old enough to have struck a blow in so good a cause,—but tell us all about it."

"Ay, ay Sir,—you shall hear it all—though that's not a great deal neither," replied the honest tar, flattered by their commendations; "we were called to arms at dead of night, and to make the matter worse, there came on a tempest of wind, rain, and thunder, and a dismal time we had o'nt. However, a true sailor never leaves his shipmates in the *limboes*, ye see gentlemen, so I stuck to my countrymen. We had a sharp fight, and one of our militia-men was killed, an honest, clever young farmer, who was next day to have been married, they told me. 'Fore George, Sir," added the sailor, as the blood rushed with indignation to his weather-beaten countenance, "I can never think even to this day, how I was covered with the blood and brains of that poor lad, but I long to have another *lick* at them there lubbers who could so mangle a fellow creature out of the very shape of humanity, in such *unseamanlike* fashion!"

"Was there but *one* man killed?" inquired Frank, in surprise.

"Only one *killed*, but two or three of my messmates lost their arms or legs; and if that there other battle your honors spoke of was better *fout*, or more *eventfuller*, why I don't know what *sharp fighting* is; that's all your honor.

"I recollect the skirmish you speak of, my lad, for I was on the beach as soon as the sun rose," observed the gentleman. "Do you remember," he added, "how busily the ragged little urchins were running about the beach and scrambling for the cannon balls, as if they had been figs thrown at them in sport?"

"Ay, Sir, I mind it all, and wonder none o' the monkeys got killed," replied the tar, adding with much solemnity as he shook his head "A sharp fight, that Sir!—a sharp fight!"

"Sharp enough, in all conscience," answered the gentleman smiling, "and for mine own part, I have no desire to witness a more bloody or desperate engagement."

"A desper'te fight, sure enough, your honor, but I've often wondered the Rhode-Islanders fared no worse, for the enemy *might* have landed without running foul o' the forts, almost any where, an I've seen no less than thirteen sail of 'em in the offing at a time, more than once—but they

never did any harm, except at the *skrimmage* I've told you of, and once when the British frigate, the Orpheus, chased in and burnt the Wampoa, a fine ship with a full cargo of brandy, &c.—but I wasn't here at the time."

"But why did the little boys on the beach scramble for the cannon-balls, Sir?" asked little Edward, who had been exceedingly puzzled to account for such a procedure.

"They were poor children, my dear, and I dare say gained a great many pennies by selling them," replied the good-natured gentleman—"Did you never see poor children picking up old nails, and bits of old iron in the streets, to sell?"

"How long, Sir, were the British in possession of Rhode-Island?" inquired Francis, before his brother could answer.

"About three years,"* was the reply, "they took possession of it on the 6th December, 1776, and evacuated it, October 25th, 1779, and during all that time, exerted themselves to the utmost, to do us every possible injury. They plundered the inhabitants, robbed the churches, cut down, and utterly destroyed our flourishing orchards and

* Vide Note II.

nurseries, burned nine hundred houses for fuel, and when they evacuated the place, not a tree or a fence was left standing."

"I should think they might have spared the churches;" said Edward, "for they could have done them no harm."

"In their great condescension they *did* spare the Episcopal church; but the shells of all the rest, after having been pillaged, and dismantled of pews and pulpits, were converted by them into hospitals for their soldiery."

"How wicked! to make hospitals of churches!" said Edward.

"It was better than making *stables* of them, as they did with the "Old South" at Boston—and others," rejoined the gentleman, "but" added he, interrupting himself, "we are at the wharf—Ladies, I congratulate you on the termination of your voyage," and bowing to our little party he repaired to the cabin to give some orders respecting his baggage. The boat now glided to the wharf on which a crowd of people were already assembled awaiting her arrival, some to receive expected friends, some in quest of letters, and others to embark (immediately) for Providence, for which place the steamer after having landed

her passengers at Newport, immediately departed. Mrs. Thornton and her children were very happy to recognize old Cato, who after manfully elbowing his way through the crowd, was among the first that came on board and greeted the children in his imperfect English, while tears of joy rolled over his sable cheeks. Having seen them all safely deposited in the coach he called to Mrs. Thornton's footman to follow his example, and springing up behind the vehicle, they were all rapidly whirled away together from the crowd of coaches, gigs and drays, and emerging from the Long Wharf, were soon rattling over the pavement of Thames-street.

"I rejoice that we are off these odious pavements," exclaimed Ellen, as they turned into one of the streets leading to "the Hill" where the residence of Mr. Thornton was situated, in front of which that gentleman was still passing, exceedingly impatient for their arrival.

"You look very much indisposed, mother," said Alfred, observing with solicitude her unusual paleness.

"Mamma is fatigued" said Ellen, "and I shall be glad when we arrive at grand-papa's that she may obtain rest."

"Oh, what is that on the Hill there, Frank?" cried little Ned.

"That!" repeated Frank, "that must be the old Tower, of which we have heard so much, Edward. Look Ellen! would you not have known it after seeing the sketch of it, grand-papa made for us?"

Every one now bent eagerly forward to obtain a view of that much celebrated and very singular ruin.

"We shall be home in a few minutes now, mother," said Alfred, "for grand-papa's house is but a few rods from the old Tower."

"Then that must be the house where that gentleman is standing," said Ellen.

"And that gentleman is grand-papa himself, Ellen," cried Frank; "I am sure at least that he has on my grandfather's great-cocked hat."

"Oh dear, how proud and cross he looks! standing up so very straight and with such an ugly hat on!" exclaimed little Emma, in alarm; "Dear me! Mamma! Is *that* my grand-papa?"

"I don't remember very well how he looked," said Edward, but is he not a very stern old gentleman, mother?"

"Not *stern* perhaps—but if you would not dis-

please him you must behave with the strictest propriety; and none of you, I hope, will ever be inclined to act *otherwise*," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Dear me! what a great double chin, long queue, and ugly hat, grand-papa has!" cried little Emma, unable to reconcile herself to these peculiarities;" Dear me! I'm afraid he's a very cross and proud old gentleman."

"He is neither, my dear, notwithstanding the long queue and double chin, which inspire you with so much awe"—said her mother.

The carriage wheeled round as she spoke, and drew up to the door, on the steps of which Mr. Thornton and his daughter were both now standing; Mrs. Guthrie likewise appeared in the hall with the servants behind her, all desirous of obtaining a view of their visiters.

It is unnecessary to say that they were welcomed with delight by their affectionate relatives, and on finding herself in the arms of her grandfather and tenderly caressed by him, little Emma soon forgot how *proud and cross* she had so lately thought he looked, notwithstanding he continued to retain both the "great chin and long queue" without in the least suspecting the alarm they had excited; and she prattled away about the

porpoises and big waves she had seen on her voyage, to the great delight of Mr. Thornton and the no little annoyance of poor Mrs. Guthrie, who, unaccustomed to the noise of children, at length effected her escape, and found the profound silence she loved in her own room.

Mrs. Thornton being extremely fatigued, and feeling very languid in consequence of her late sufferings by sea-sickness, was glad to be conducted to her chamber, whither she was accompanied by her eldest daughter and Miss Katie, leaving the other young people to the care of their indulgent grand-father, with whom, acknowledging themselves too weary for walking, they remained within doors. A fine telescope having by Mr. Thornton's order been carried to the top of the house, the young people amused themselves in surveying the many fine prospects their situation commanded. Mrs. Thornton joined them at dinner, after which Mr. Thornton entertained them by relating many very interesting revolutionary anecdotes, and amusing traditions of the island. With so much to interest and divert them they were scarcely aware of the lapse of time till summoned to tea. The evening passed happily away, and Mr. Thornton at ten assembled his household

around the family altar, there to present their united tribute of praise to the merciful Being whose protecting care had preserved them through the day, and conducted the family of his son through the dangers of their voyage, in health and safety to the home which had been the scene of all the youthful enjoyments of their loved and lamented father. And having committed themselves to the care of Him who had created and redeemed them, the happy family separated and retired with consciences void of offence, to the enjoyment of their peaceful slumbers.

CHAPTER II.

Notices respecting the History, Settlement and Geography of Rhode-Island—Walk around Newport—Public Buildings, &c. &c.

REFRESHED and in high spirits, the young Thorntons rose on the ensuing morning, just as the sun began to glitter on the gilded spires of Newport, and on the woody hills of Narraganset. Early, however, as they thought it, Mr. Thornton and his daughter were already up, and the domestics busily employed under the direction of the venerable Mrs. Guthrie. Mr. Thornton was busy in his garden, where he had already gathered fresh flowers for his daughter, who on the appearance of her young relatives, was engaged in arranging them over the mantels, and immediately demanded their assistance, for Miss Katie well knew that "employment is enjoyment," and could devise no better means of amusing them till their mother should be ready to attend morning-prayers, which

was the first duty attended to by Mr. Thornton, a duty which was never omitted, on any occasion or pretense whatever, by that truly pious christian.

The flowers were beautifully arranged in all the apartments, and Miss Thornton's large collection of exotic plants had been duly attended to before Mrs. Thornton and her youngest child made their appearance—so greatly had they been fatigued.

"Oh how I wish I could always live here!" cried little Emma, clapping her hands with delight, as she beheld the beautiful flowers that were blooming around her, and heard the song of the numberless birds that enlivened the fields and gardens on every side. "We do not hear so many delightful birds even when we are at mamma's country house, at home."

"We should doubtless hear as many at Harlaem my love, if the gentlemen there would forego their cruel sports," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Aye, mamma, but they will not be persuaded to do that, I'm afraid," said Edward. "But you have no such cruel sportsmen here, aunty."

"Too many by half, Edward" answered Miss Katie, "there is scarcely a day that I do not have to lament the fall of some of my feathered friends.

If the poor birds were destroyed for *food* it would be another matter; but to kill them merely for the pleasure of *seeing them die* appears to me to evince so sanguinary and savage a disposition as absolutely disgusts me, and I heartily wish them some better and more manly employment, for their *own* sakes, as well as because the country in my opinion loses half its charms when deprived of the melody of our pretty songsters."

"You are right Miss Katie," said her father, who just then entered (and was soon after followed by the domestics) "you are right my daughter," he said, "the music of our fields and gardens gives a charm to a Rhode-Island summer, which I have seldom found in such perfection elsewhere—and there is something so refreshing in the gladness of their notes, that a heart must be lost to every feeling of benevolence as well as to those of gratitude, which amidst the beauty, joy and sunshine of such a morning, feels no inclination to unite in their songs of thankfulness to the Creator of the glorious heavens and blooming earth. Let us praise Him my children," continued Mr. Thornton, "for praise is comely," especially in the morning of existence and amidst the sunshine of prosperity," and kneeling as he spoke the pious old man

poured forth in behalf of his happy family and contented domestics, a heartfelt tribute of gratitude and praise to the great and glorious Being who created and upholds the Universe. When their devotions were concluded and the servants retired, Mr. Thornton moved to an open window from whence with a countenance beaming with benign satisfaction, he gazed abroad on the verdant fields and gardens and the wide expanse of blue ocean that stretched before him far as the eye could reach.—Stealing quietly to his side, Ellen placed her hand affectionately in his, and followed with her mild blue eye the direction of his glance. "It is a beautiful prospect, my dear," said her grandfather smiling affectionately on her,—but Mr. Thornton was interrupted by Edward, who seizing the hand of his aunt drew her towards the breakfast room exclaiming "do make haste dear aunty, for you cannot think how monstrous hungry I am!"

"Hungry are you? master Ned?" repeated his grandfather, "you see then, how easily a good appetite may be earned by early rising—and here is a substantial Yankee breakfast for you. So come along my children, and let us see who will best relish the good things that Mrs. Guthrie has provided for us."

A summons from the good lady herself, now hurried them to the breakfast table where with excellent appetites they partook of her hot muffins and broiled mackerel, a fish which at that season regularly appears at every breakfast table in Newport.

"I should like to taste some of that bread, that is flat and smooth and looks so nicely brown," said Edward after having dispatched a muffin or two.

"That is 'Johnny-cake,'" observed Mrs. Guthrie.

"Johnny-cake!" echoed little Emma; "oh! what a droll name!"

"It is very good bread, notwithstanding" said Mr. Thornton.

"Its proper name is *journey*-cake, I believe," said Miss Katie, "though it is commonly pronounced Johnny cake."

"And is this journey-cake made of rye?" asked Ellen.

"No my dear," replied her aunt "this is what we call an *Indian* journey-cake, that is to say, it is made of the meal of maize or Indian-corn *only;* sometimes, however, we make it of maize and rye together."

"And why do we never see it in New York?" asked Ellen?"

"I have sometimes seen it there when visiting people from New England, though very rarely," replied Mrs. Thornton, "as our meal at New York is almost always *bolted*, and consequently too fine to be converted into journey-cakes."

"You have heard of the oat-meal-cakes, or *bannocks* of Scotland, my dear," said Mr. Thornton, "and our journey-cakes are as common and peculiar to New England. It is *Yankee-bread*, Ellen."

"I like *Johnny's-cake* very much, for it is very sweet," said Edward, "I only wish Mr. Johnny had made it of *finer* meal, for it hurts my teeth."

"That would spoil it for a *Yankee*, Edward," said Miss Katie, laughing at the difficulty he seemed to find in masticating bread composed of such coarse materials, "*we* do not like your bolted meal, though it is thought by some, that the coarseness of our own is injurious to the teeth."

"Well, I will try to eat some of it another time," said Edward, laying it aside, "and now, grandpapa, please to tell me, why it is called journey-cake?"

"It is so called, I imagine, because it is the most easily and speedily prepared by people in the hurry of a journey; is it not so, Miss Katie?" asked Mr. Thornton, turning to his daughter.

"I have always heard so, sir," replied Miss Thornton, "it is made, Edward, like the cakes we read of in the Bible," she continued; "you remember that the wives of the patriarchs made cakes and *baked them on the hearth.* If you should go to the kitchen now, I think you would find one baking on a board before the fire. Will he not, Mrs. Guthrie?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the amused Mrs. Guthrie, "but take care that you do not jog the board and overturn the cake," added that ever careful housewife, for if the ashes get on it, it will be spoiled."

Edward quitted the room to satisfy his curiosity, and when he returned, found his grand-father and aunt planning the amusements of the day.

"May I go with you, grand-papa?" he eagerly asked.

"Certainly, on condition however, that you first tell me the latitude and longitude of Newport, and the number of its inhabitants."

Edward looked a little startled for a moment, but receiving an encouraging look from his mother, and a smile from his aunt, after a little hesitation replied, "Newport lies in latitude 41 degrees, 29 minutes North, and in 71 degrees, 17 minutes, East longitude, and contains 8,000 inhabitants."

"Right, Edward, perfectly right," said Mr. Thornton, "and now, what can my little Emma tell me? Do you know nothing of our Island, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed, grand-papa; it is my own papa's island, and I *do* know a great deal about it; for Alfred and Frank and sister Ellen teach me," replied the little prattler, "and I can say the latitude and longitude too, as well as brother Edward. But what *latitude* and *longitude mean*, I don't know yet, any more than the *man-in-the-moon*."

"The man-in-the-moon may be a very learned personage, for ought we know to the contrary, my dear," said Mr. Thornton, playfully, "but tell me, if you know how long and broad our pretty island is?"

"It is fifteen miles long, and three and a half broad, and there are 40,000 sheep on it, besides horses and cattle; and there are goats, and dogs, and cats, and rabbits too, grand-papa; for I have seen them myself," added the little romp, "and I don't know the reason, why they did not tell me to say *them* too."

"You are right to take notice of these things yourself, my dear," replied her delighted grandfather; "but they are of less consequence than

cattle and sheep, you know; but what else can you tell me?"

"Why, grand-papa, Alfred says that Rhode-Island used to be called the *Eden of America*, and *that* means the pleasantest place, like the garden where Adam and Eve lived;" replied Emma, as she now climbed her grand-father's knee, "and he told me too, that the British soldiers cut down all the trees and orchards, and burned the houses, and spoiled the country;" "but," added she in a whisper, "I do not believe *that*, for I see a great many trees and orchards, and houses, and country-seats all about us, grand-papa."

"All these orchards and trees have been planted since the British went away, my dear, which is more than fifty years since," replied her grand-father; "but Edward, can you tell me, when Rhode-Island was first settled."

"In 1636, sir, by Roger Williams, who had been banished from the colony of Massachusetts, for refusing to join in communion with their churches, and for his religious tenets which they condemned. Having purchased a tract of land of the Indian Sachems, Osamequin* and Canonicus,

* Commonly called Massassoit.

he laid the foundation of a town at Mooshawsac, which town he called Providence, and which is situated about thirty miles above Newport, in Narragansett Bay."

"Very well answered, Edward, but you are speaking of the *State*, and *I* meant the *island*," said Mr. Thornton, "do you know any thing of the matter, my little fellow?"

"Oh yes, sir;" replied Edward, "Rhode-Island was first settled by a Mrs. Hutchinson and a number of her party, who on account of their religious opinions had been likewise banished from Massachusetts. By the assistance of Sir Henry Vane, they obtained from the Indian Sachems a deed conveying this island to the English, on the 24th of March 1638. The settlement of the island was begun at the North-end, near a narrow strait, and called Portsmouth."

"And when was Newport settled, Frank?" asked Mr. Thornton abruptly, on perceiving his look of extreme impatience.

"Sir!" cried Frank, in a tone of undisguised amazement and displeasure, on being questioned like a child.

"Sir!" repeated his grand-father, imitating his tone and air of offended dignity in pronouncing

the word, "I asked you to inform me when Newport was settled, *Sir*," he added.

"It was settled in 1639, I believe, sir." replied Frank, recollecting himself and coloring deeply, "Newport was settled in 1639, sir, by Mr. William Coddington, of the Society of Friends, and seventeen others. Mr. Coddington was afterwards Governor."

"*You* will not be offended, I hope, Miss Katie, if I venture to ask you, when the first church was founded in Newport," said her father.

A Baptist church was founded in Newport in 1644, sir, by Mr. John Clarke, a leading character amongst the exiles," answered Miss Katie, throwing an arch-glance at her nephew Francis, who colored deeper than before at this oblique reproof from his grand-father.

"Do you recollect, Miss Ellen, what was the old Indian name of Rhode Island?"

"It was called Aquidneck,* Aquidnet or Aquidnay, which in the Indian tongue signifies the "Isle of Peace", sir," answered Ellen.

"And now, Mr. Alfred, what is the Constitution of our State, enquired Mr. Thornton, turning to his eldest grand-son.

* See Note III.

"The Constitution of Rhode Island," answered Alfred promptly, "is founded on a Charter granted by King Charles the Second of England, in 1663, the frame of Government not having been essentially altered by the Revolution. The Legislature consists of two branches, an Upper and a Lower House, or Senate, composed of a Governor, and Deputy Governor, and ten Members, called *Assistants*, in the Charter; and a House of Representatives, composed of Deputies from the several towns. The Members of the Legislature are chosen twice a year, and there are two Sessions of this body annually, namely, on the first Wednesday in May, and the last Wednesday in September."

"They seem very fond of *Wednesdays*, I think, grand-papa," said Edward.

Mr. Thornton rewarded his remark with a smile and a playful rap on the head, then turning to Francis once more, inquired: "In whom, Mr. Frank, is the Supreme Executive power of the State of Rhode Island vested?"

"The Supreme Executive power of Rhode-Island, is vested in the Governor," replied Frank, starting so suddenly as to overturn a plate, cup and tea-spoon, and trying to suppress a yawn as

he continued: "In the absence of the Governor, it devolves on the Deputy Governor, who with the Assistants, Secretary, and General Treasurer, are chosen annually, in May. The Governor presides in the Upper House, but has only a single voice in enacting laws."

"And *you* seem to have scarcely *so much* to say for any thing, Francis," said his mother in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Well! go to sleep, Frank, go to sleep again," said Mr. Thornton, "while Alfred tells me how many Courts we have in Rhode-Island."

"There is one Supreme Judicial Court, composed of five Judges, whose jurisdiction extends over the whole State," replied Alfred, "and they hold two Courts annually in each County. There is also an inferior Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace, in each County, holden twice a year, for the trial of causes not capital, arising within the County, from which an Appeal lies to the Supreme Court."

"And now," asked Mr. Thornton, "which of you will tell me, how many Colleges there are in Rhode-Island?"

"There is only one sir," answered Frank, rousing himself with the air of a person, deter-

mined on getting through an unpleasant task as fast as possible, "It was founded at Warren, in Bristol County, 1764, and its first commencement was held there in 1769. In 1770 it was however removed to Providence, where a large and handsome edifice was erected for its accommodation. At the commencement in 1804, Nicholas Brown Esq., gave $5000 as a foundation for a Professorship of Oratory and Belles Lettres, in consequence of which the Corporation have given to Rhode-Island College the name of 'Brown University in Providence and Rhode-Island Plantations.'"

"Well *got over*, Frank," cried Mr. Thornton laughing, "but you have not told us a word of the College buildings having been occupied by the French and American troops during the Revolution, and the interruption which that war occasioned to the course of education. Not a word have you told us either of its Professorships or its Charter."

"The Charter of the College was granted by the General Assembly of the State," resumed Frank, "by the name of the 'Trustees and Fellows of the College or University of the English Colony of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, in 1764.' By this Charter the Corporation

consists of two distinct branches, with separate and respective powers.—The Trustees are thirty-six in number of whom twenty-two must be Baptists, five of the denomination of Friends, five Episcopalians and four Congregationalists. The same proportions of the different denominations is to endure perpetually. The number of the Fellows inclusive of the President who is a Fellow *ex officio*, is twelve, of whom eight must be Baptists —the rest may be chosen indiscriminately from any other denomination. The President must be a Baptist but the Professors may be of any denomination. The Corporation meets annually on the first Wednesday in September at which time the commencement is held."

"You have recited the lesson well, and *verbatim* from Dr. Morse, Frank," observed Mr. Thornton, "Can you tell us how many Professorships there are at Brown's University?"

"There is, first, a professorship of Divinity—2d, a professorship of Law—3d, a professorship of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics—4th, a professorship of Anatomy and Surgery.—A professorship of Materia Medica and Botany—a professorship of Oratory and Belles Letters, founded by Nicholas Brown, Esq. in 1804—a professorship

of the Theory and Practice of Physic—a professorship of Chimistry—a professorship of Mathematics, and lastly a professorship of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. There are likewise several Societies in connection with this University," continued Frank, "namely, the Philermenian Society, with a library of 1500 volumes, founded 1794.—The United Brothers Society, with a library of 1250 volumes, founded in 1807. The Philermenian Society founded in 1816, whose object is to supply necessitous students with books —and the Philophysian Society, whose object is the cultivation of Natural Science. This Society possesses a valuable Chimical Apparatus and have lately established a Library in connection with it."

"Are there any *mines* in our State? Ellen," asked Mr. Thornton.

"Yes, sir. There is a copper mine in the township of Cumberland, the copper of which is mixed with iron, strongly impregnated with loadstone, of which several specimens have been dug up. Iron ore is found in great plenty in several parts of the State. There are also very productive coal-mines on the island of Rhode-Island—and a great abundance of lime-stone of different colors, has likewise been found in the State which Dr. Morse calls 'the true marble.'"

"Remind me Ellen," said Miss Katie, "before you leave us, to show you some curious and beautiful stones I have, which were found at Cumberland, at Bristol and at Diamond Hill near Providence. I have likewise a set of ornaments of what is called the Bristol Amethyst, which were presented me by a friend. It is very beautiful, and has frequently been set and worn by ladies of my acquaintance."

"Grand-papa" cried Edward, "did I not see specimens of quartz, iron pyrites and asbestos among your collection, yesterday?"

Mr. Thornton nodded an affirmative.

"Perhaps Edward, you can recollect something to tell us concerning the asbestos my love," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Oh yes, mamma, I recollect. The ancients used to make a cloth of it that would not burn, to wrap the bodies of their dead in, lest their ashes should mingle with the ashes of the wood, which they used in burning them. I should like to see some of that cloth."

"I will give you specimens of all our Rhode-Island minerals before you go, if you will promise to tell me a great deal about minerals when I pay you my Christmas visit," said his grandfather.

"Give them to brother Alfred, if you please grand-papa, for he is very fond of the study," said Edward, "and I will learn all I can about them just as well as if I were to have them myself."

"Thank you, my generous little fellow!" replied Alfred, "but I am fond of *collecting* them you know, and can procure them without robbing you of yours."

"Settle it your own way young gentlemen," said Mr. Thornton as he rose from the table, adding "I am pleased to find you all so well acquainted with the history and geography of our State."

"Thank my stars! the catechism is over at last!" whispered Frank to Alfred, as he started joyfully up.

Alfred answered by a reproachful glance, and putting his arm through that of his venerable grandfather turned away.

"After so long a penance Frank, what say you to a ramble about town?" asked Mr. Thornton, "for I perceive your mother is still looking too feeble for our intended excursion to Easton's Beach."

"On the contrary, my dear sir, I was just going to propose availing ourselves of so fine a morning, and going thither," replied Mrs. Thornton.

"You shall do no such thing, my dear," said Mr. Thornton, positively, "Easton's Beach, indeed! you might as well talk of a walk to Saratoga or Niagara, with that pale face."

"It shall be as you please then, sir," returned Mrs. Thornton.

"Nay, *it must*" rejoined the father-in-law, "for Miss Katie allows nobody to gainsay the commands of her old father. So come and get your hats boys—and here, some of you, tie on this little girl's mittens. She shall go along with grand-papa too."

"Oh yes, aunty will put on my bonnet," cried little Emma.

"Well, if aunt Katie pleases," said the gentle Ellen.

"Aunt Katie pleases to do every thing in her power for you all," said Mr. Thornton while his daughter complied with the whims of the little girl. "There, Miss Katie, don't muffle her up too much this warm day," he added as he took the hand of little Emma. "Come along young gentlemen, and good morning to you ladies," he said as he moved to the door with all the youthful party except Ellen, who like the ever-attentive Alfred had observed the languid look of her mo-

ther and preferred remaining with her, to going out without her.

"She is only bored to death with the tedious geographical lecture with which grand-papa has been pleased to regale us," said Frank as his brother alluded to her ill looks "but hark'ye Alfred, don't make the matter worse by *telling* her she looks indisposed—and do not let her see *you* watching her so anxiously, Ellen. Bless me, it is enough to frighten her. Speak to her cheerfully, Alfred" he added, then approaching her himself he exclaimed with an air of gaiety "So! Mother, grand-papa won't give you a *furlough*?—ha! ha!—this is enforcing *discipline* with a vengeance."

"Get you gone, you monkey" said Mr. Thornton, laughing, "and do not be raising a *mutiny* in *my garrison*."

"There!" cried Frank as a bright smile illumined the countenance of his mother, "I knew she was only annoyed by the endless geographical recitation."

"She is *never* annoyed by any thing from which her children can derive benefit," rejoined Alfred, "and however wearisome you found it Frank,

you should never forget the respect due to our excellent and affectionate grandfather."

"He is the best grandfather on earth!" exclaimed Frank, warmly, "and I love and respect him as much as you can do—but it was so tedious that I lost all patience."

"It must have been as tedious for him to *listen* to what he already knew, as it was to you to *repeat* it," returned Alfred.

"Perhaps so—but I was vexed at being questioned as if I were a child like Ned, or Emma," said Francis.

"And what do Ned and Emma *learn* which *we* ought not to *know*?" asked Alfred, "we ought surely to be acquainted with the geography of our *own country*."

"To be sure we had," replied Frank testily, "no gentleman would be ignorant of what is taught in every village Free School, and therefore I was displeased at being questioned, as if my knowledge on such points were doubtful."

"But from your grandfather such questions could not come improperly, had you even arrived at maturity," said Alfred, "and for my own part, I think it very kind and condescending in him to interest himself so much in our progress and pursuits."

"Well, Alf, I suppose you are right," said Frank ingenuously. "It generally happens that you get the best side of the argument; though I scarcely know how you can avoid it in disputing with *me*, since I am invariably sure to be in the *wrong*."

"Not so bad as that either," said Alfred, passing his arm affectionately within that of his brother, "you are *sometimes* wrong, to be sure, and I wonder who is not?"

"Why *you* are not, and *Ellen* is not," rejoined Frank, "whereas I am perpetually blundering into some misdemeanor or other."

"Well, young gentlemen," said Mr. Thornton looking back to them, "you seem to be deep in consultation, which I must beg leave to interrupt, just to remind you that unless you walk faster we shall not be home in time for dinner."

The young gentlemen quickened their pace and leaving his brother Frank, now offered the support of his arm to his grandfather, and in this order they resumed their march through the town.

On their return home they found Mrs. Thornton much refreshed by a walk in the garden, from whence she and Ellen were just returning, leaning each on an arm of Miss Katie.

"Have you had a pleasant walk my darling?" said Mrs. Thornton, as little Emma ran into her arms on her entrance.

"Oh a very pretty walk mamma, and grand-papa has been telling us such pretty stories about the war! and a great many things," answered the little prattler as she climbed into her mother's lap.

"And we have seen the house where Washington lived when he was in Newport," said Edward as he took the hand his mother extended to him, "and we have seen the quarters of the Count Rochambeau, and the baron Viomenil and Count Segur, and a great many others, and the tomb of the great French Admiral who died and was buried here mamma."

"And what was the name of that great man?" asked Mrs. Thornton, smiling at the rapidity with which he was heaping *heroes*, *houses*, and *tombs*, together.

"He was the Chevalier D'Ternay mamma, and his tomb is fixed outside the Episcopal Church wall, and does not look a bit like a tomb, it is so awkwardly put up, I think—and—and———"

"Stop!—Stop, Edward! not so *fast*, and not so *loud* my child, if you have any mercy for Mrs. Guthrie's head and your mother's nerves," said Mrs. Thornton, interrupting him.

"Indeed I have mamma," said Edward, "I would not hurt you, or dear, kind Mrs. Guthrie's head, for any thing."

"I believe you my dear," said the old lady; but tell us in a lower voice, what wonders you have seen."

"Alfred can tell it best, a great deal," replied Edward.

"Nay, my son," cried Mrs. Thornton, "let us hear it from yourself."

"Grand-papa has pointed out all the public buildings mamma," said Edward, "and I counted thirteen places of public worship. Four for Baptists, two for Episcopalians, one for Congregationalists, one for Moravians, one for Methodists, one for Unitarians, one for Roman Catholics, one for Quakers, and one Jewish Synagogue—which makes thirteen, mamma."

"And has Newport no public buildings besides churches?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes ma'am but you will please ask Frank or Alfred about them," replied Edward.

"Well, Frank, what public buildings do you find besides the churches?"

"I will sit down by you, and go regularly through the business, mother," said Frank, draw-

ing a chair beside her. "To begin then, '*verbatim from Dr. Morse,*' as my grandfather said this morning, there is the State House, the form, situation and architecture of which, give it a pleasing appearance. It stands sufficiently elevated, and a long wharf and paved parade lead up to it from the harbor—so far from the good doctor," said Frank, laughing, "and the rest I must manage for myself. Well then, the aforesaid State-House is ornamented with a cupola and furnished with a clock and bell. In the Council Chamber is a full length portrait of Washington from the pencil of Stuart, who, you know was a native of this State. On the south of the parade is a wall prettily ornamented with trees, at the foot of which is a fountain of excellent water. In Thames street there is a theatre and brick market, a fine building for the Custom House, and two elegant brick Banks. In Mills street there is a commodious edifice for the accommodation of the Free School, and opposite the Methodist Chapel is a Gaol, both the latter are of brick—and lastly there is the Asylum on Coaster's Harbor Island for the accommodation of the poor of Newport—a handsome edifice of stone."

"Frank is very correct as far as he goes," ob-

served Alfred, "but he has omitted Redwood Library, and St. John's Lodge.

"The recollection of the *gaol* frightened them out of my mind," said Frank laughing, "so you may finish the task yourself."

"Well then, mother," said Alfred, good naturedly complying with his request, "having examined the State-House, we crossed the Mull, and found ourselves in Touro street, in which is situated the the Jewish Synagogue, a handsome brick building, where in the days of Newport's prosperity, many wealthy Jewish families were accustomed to worship, but of whom my grand-father informed us, not an individual now remains in town, many having died, and the remainder being removed to other places. The Synagogue, the Street on which it stands, and the Jewish Burial Ground at the head of it, are kept in continual repair, by a legacy bequeathed the town for the purpose, by a Mr. Touro, a wealthy merchant of Boston, who was a native and formerly a resident of Newport, and retained to his latest moment an affectionate attachment to his birth-place and the temple where his father worshipped. In honour of him, the street has since been called Touro-street. Quitting the Jewish Burial Ground, we turned into

Bellevue street, which conducts to the Bellevue-hotel, and in which the public Library is situated. "On what days, sir," asked Alfred, interrupting his own narrative, and turning to his grand-father, "on what days did you say that we could obtain admittance to the Redwood Library?"

"On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday afternoons, when the librarian attends to receive and deliver books," replied Mr. Thornton.

"You will go with us, mother?" asked Frank in a tone of entreaty.

"Certainly, if you wish it, my son," replied Mrs. Thornton.

"The Redwood Library," resumed Alfred, "is an elegant building, much admired by architects. It was built and endowed by the munificence of a Mr. Abraham Redwood, in the year of our Lord 1747; from him it derives its name, and his portrait adorns its walls. The Redwood Library did not escape the ravages of war; my grand-father tells us that most of the books were destroyed, or carried off by the British. A few, however, were left, and as they had spared the building, it was afterwards repaired and its shelves replenished by the literary gentlemen of Newport, whose inhabitants still derive profit and pleasure from the gen-

erosity of the public-spirited individual who endowed it; and thus, my dear mother, ended my grand-father's account of Redwood Library. As we passed along Bellevue, he kindly pointed out the ground where the French army encamped while at Newport; it lies eastward of the town. The clock then striking one, my grand-father interrupted our tiresome questions, by reminding us that it was his dinner-time, and proposing to return home."

"And here we are, aunt Katie," said the lively Frank, exceedingly well disposed to do justice to the very best things in Mrs. Guthrie's *bill of fare*, "for to say truth, I am as Ned this morning declared himself to be, *monstrous hungry*."

"To dinner then?" exclaimed his grand-father, and be assured you cannot please Mrs. Guthrie better than by partaking heartily of the dishes she serves up; and after dinner, as your mother is better, I think we may venture to permit her walking to Easton's Beach.

"Before dinner was over, however, thick and heavy clouds began to darken the atmosphere; but so merry, and so well-employed, were the little party, that they observed not the gathering storm, until startled by a vivid flash of lightning; it was

quickly followed by the majestic sound of distant thunder, which continued to roll nearer and nearer, in long and reiterated peals, accompanied by a heavy shower of rain. Cato closed the sashes, and the family quietly finished their repast; but the storm continued so late that their intended excursion was postponed, and they were compelled to pass the remainder of the day within doors.

CHAPTER III.

Easton's Beach—Mr. Thornton's account of the "Sea-bird"—Legend of the "Ghost"—Return home—Little Edward in mischief—&c. &c.

The ensuing morning proving favorable for the meditated visit to the Beach, the young people, as soon as breakfast was over, equipped themselves for the excursion. But, as a walk of a mile was judged too fatiguing for Mrs. Thornton and her little girl, Miss Katie's low chaise was ordered for their accommodation, and as that lady was unaccustomed to the management of a horse, Mr. Thornton took a seat in it beside her. Miss Katie, like most of the Newport ladies, was in the habit of walking in almost any weather, and preferred it to riding. She therefore equipped herself to accompany the pedestrians of the party, in a close habit and thick shoes, the former to shield her from the sea-breezes and the spray, and the latter to protect her from the dampness of the sands, on which she was to

walk. Taking then the arm of Alfred and the hand of little Edward, and giving Frank the care of her parasol, she set off, previously to the departure of her sister-in-law and her father, who she knew might easily overtake them, though drawn only by old Chesnut, her own horse, a lazier or more pelted animal than whom, had never enjoyed a comfortable old age. Easton's Beach being the favourite resort of all the 'fashionables' of Newport, the young strangers had wished much to visit it. The young gentlemen were also desirous of enjoying a plunge in the surf, in which, provided there were no company on the Beach, they were now to be indulged; it having been arranged, that on their arrival at the Beach, Miss Katie should take her father's place and the guidance of her own comfortable vehicle, through the pleasant rural valley, called "Green End", leaving Mr. Thornton to return with his grand-sons, after they had bathed. The young gentlemen departed with Miss Katie, in high spirits, anticipating much pleasure from the conversation of that lady, which was not only instructive but highly amusing; as, to an inexhaustible fund of quiet humor, she had, by extensive reading and observation, added a great share of information and a rich stock of

anecdote. She was moreover well versed in the traditions of her native island, and acquainted with the history and character of its most distinguished men. In passing up Mill-street, she pointed out the house which had been the residence of the celebrated General Greene, who was a native of this State, and for many years a resident of Newport. Opposite the mansion stands the "Old Tower," and little Edward pleaded earnestly for leave to stop and examine it, but, fearing they should be too late on the Beach, Katie objected.

Arrived on the "Beach," it was with a mingled sensation of pleasure and awe, that the young people gazed about them. There was such refreshing sweetness in the pure sea-breeze,—so much sylvan beauty in the smiling landscape of "Green End," which skirts Easton's "Pond" on the north; and the beautiful sheet of water in which it lay reflected; such grandeur and sublimity in the view of the vast and mighty ocean, whose majestic billows broke in foam beneath their feet,—that Mrs. Thornton quitted the chaise, in order to enjoy the scene more perfectly by rambling on the open shore. So overwhelming to their unaccustomed ears was the tremendous roar of the surf, that it was some moments before any one attempt-

ed to speak, supposing it impossible, perhaps, to make their voices heard. At length, pulling the sleeve of his aunt, Frank pointed to the breakers, and looked with eager inquiry in her face.

"Well!" cried Miss Katie, unused to converse in dumb-show, and misinterpreting his gestures, "Well," she said in her shrillest tone, "they are *breakers.*"

"Aye," rejoined Frank, finding to his great relief, that it was indeed possible to converse, "Aye, but those black spots on the water?"

"*Gulls*, I suppose," replied his laughing aunt, "but *I* see nothing but a knot of sea-weed yonder."

"What are they, sir," enquired Alfred, as his eye followed the direction indicated by his brother's finger, "those two black things in the water?"

"If there were fifty black things there, my child, my old eyes could discern nothing, while the sun blazes so dazzlingly on the sea," said Mr. Thornton, after vainly endeavoring to obtain a view of the objects pointed out.

"If it were *possible* for boats to be there, sir," said Frank, "I should say they were boats."

"And boats undoubtedly they are," replied his grand-father.

"What! among those terrific breakers, sir," demanded Frank in amazement.

"There are objects moving around them in the surf, which appear to be the heads of people," observed Alfred.

"Nothing more probable, Mr. Alfred," rejoined Mr. Thornton, "they are fishermen, undoubtedly, preparing to draw a line, and if so, we shall see the beach alive in an hour or two with the finny gentry."

It will be a sight worth seeing, for such *landsmen*, as we are," said Alfred.

"Well, Ned, what are you thinking of, my little man," asked Frank, observing the little fellow seated on a stone, with one hand thrust into the bosom of his jacket, and apparently in deep thought.

"I was thinking, brother, of the pretty story Alfred read to me the other day," replied Edward as he took the hand Frank held out to him.

"And what was the story *about*, my little fellow," enquired Francis.

"Do you think, grand-papa," asked Edward, "Do you think it was on such a beach as this, sir, that—that—"

"Why do you hesitate, my dear child?" asked Mr. Thornton, go on my dear, and *speak out* whatever you were going to say."

"I was only going to ask you, sir, if it was on such a beach as this, that the King of England sat, when he *scolded* his great lords?"—"I mean, sir," said Edward correcting himself, "I mean when he commanded the sea not to wet his feet?"

"Yes, my dear, I do think it was on some such beach as this," answered Mr. Thornton, "but finish the story, Ned; did the sea obey him?"

"Oh no, grand-papa! how could it?" said Edward, encouraged by his grand-father's approving smile, "no, indeed, sir; it only came on, one great wave after another, and washed over his feet, as these do over mine. So he found he could not do all the great things his foolish lords told him; for they were wicked and told him a great many falsehoods. And that king would never wear his crown any more after that, and Alfred told me, that his name was Canute."

"You have told the story very well for a little fellow, and are a good boy to remember it," said his grand-papa in an approving tone.

"But, grand-father, that king must have been a great fool to think the waves would care a fig for what he said," cried little Emma.

"He was a wise man, and expected no such thing, my dear;" replied Mr. Thornton, who de-

lighted in conversing familiarly with his children. "King Canute wished to convince his courtiers, that he was not to be imposed upon by their specious flattery. He wished also to show them the folly and wickedness of ascribing to any mere man the attributes of the almighty and most high God; and he could not have chosen a better method of doing this. I seldom walk over these sands myself, Edward," continued Mr. Thornton, "without recollecting this anecdote of Canute. A scene like this is so calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the might and majesty of the King of Kings, that the proudest earthly Potentate cannot but feel his own insignificance, and be sensible what a poor vain mockery is all human greatness;" a silence of some moments followed this remark, which Mr. Thornton himself interrupted by exclaiming, as he pointed with his cane, "You are right, Mr. Frank, there are the boats moving off with the seine suspended between them."

"How can you tell, dear grand-papa?" cried Emma, "I see no seine."

"Do you not see those black specks on the water, that look like a string of beads, my dear?" asked Mr. Thornton, lifting the little girl in his arms; "yonder they lie beyond the breakers."

"Oh yes, I see them now," cried Emma," are those specks fishes?"

"No, my child, they are pieces of cork fastened to the edge of the net, to make it float, or keep it up on the surface of the water," replied her grandfather, adding, "they will proceed as far as yonder promontory, before they attempt to enclose the fishes; so you will have time for bathing before they return, if the ladies depart immediately. "Come, my daughters, let us get rid of you at once," he continued, "you will scarcely have time for your proposed ride, now, before dinner;" and so saying, he assisted Mrs. Thornton and her daughters to the carriage, into which, after patting and caressing old Chesnut, Miss Katie followed.

"I declare, aunt Katie, I almost thought you were going to kiss him," cried the merry Frank, "and I believe Chesnut expected it too, for he seemed to put up his brown cheek toward you."

"Out, you monkey!" cried Miss Katie gaily, or I will ride over you, just to show you what my faithful Chesnut can do, to prove his friendship and fidelity. Away with you," she added, as she received the reins from her father, when, as if he had understood her encomiums and her threat, old Chesnut arched his glossy neck, and sprung

forward with an alertness that greatly alarmed the timid Mrs. Thornton, and extremely diverted Miss Katie, whose merry laughter rang on the air some moments after she had driven away.

"Old Chesnut knows the hand that guides him now," said Mr. Thornton, looking after them. "Look ye there, boys," he added laughing, the lazy old animal came down with me, after another fashion."

"Aunt Katie knows how to drive in capital style," observed little Ned.

"And do not *I*, you rogue?" asked Mr. Thornton, laying his cane playfully over the shoulder of the little boy.

"Oh yes, grand-papa, *that* is not the reason, he does not go as well with you, I dare say," said Edward, "but aunt Katie is so good to every thing, that every body loves her."

"And does not every body love *me* too, you monkey?" asked Mr. Thornton, laughing heartily at Edward's blundering attempt to apologize.

"Yes indeed, grand-papa;" cried Edward blushing, I do not think that any body loves aunt Katie *best*, but Chesnut and Phillis, and Nancy, and—"

"Ay, and Cato, and all the rest," said Mr. Thornton jocularly; "be honest, Ned."

"Yes, Sir; but I do think that Chesnut and Mrs. Guthrie, and Phillis and Nancy, do love aunty best."

"I will not quarrel with them, for their partiality, Edward, especially old Chesnut, for to say truth, I never gave myself much concern about him; and Miss Katie, as you say, is good to every thing;" replied Mr. Thornton. "But come," he added, "leave your clothes on these rocks, and into the water with you. In the mean time, I shall amuse myself with a stroll across the beach."

"What a very little black speck the chaise looks like now," exclaimed Edward, straining his sight after the vehicle, which was now at the farther extremity of the beach, a mile off, "it looks no bigger than a fly."

"Take care! do not tread on that poor little crab, Ned," cried Alfred.

Edward stepped aside to avoid it, and his grandfather walked off, calling out to them as he turned away "take care that child does not venture too far into the surf, Alfred; and do not get yourself entangled in the sea-weed, master Ned." The boys now sprung into the water, and sported gaily amongst the breakers, until Alfred, perceiving that his grandfather, weary of his walk, had seated

himself on a stone to wait for them, recollected the possibility of his finding the hot sun uncomfortable, and immediately hurried his companions out of the water, when they again gathered round their grandfather.

"If you are not tired," said the latter when they joined him, "I am inclined to gratify Edward, by awaiting the return of the fishermen."

Alfred made no objection, though being of a slender constitution, he felt exceedingly fatigued; for he was too good-natured to deprive any one of an expected pleasure. He therefore seated himself under the projection of an overhanging rock, whose friendly shelter screened him from the fervid rays of the sultry sun, and patiently waited the return of the fishing boats.

"Do any of your vessels ever enter here, sir" asked Frank, as he stood gazing on the breakers, that were tumbling madly in, and playing their wild gambols on the beach.

"How! among these breakers! Frank," exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"A sagacious inquiry that, *Admiral*," cried Alfred, laughing at the absurdity of the question, as he sat wringing the salt-water from his hair.

"I have however heard of one vessel that

passed these breakers and rocks, and reached the shore in safety," said Mr. Thornton, "but she was guided by no human pilot."

"You allude to the vessel called the Sea-bird," exclaimed Alfred, raising himself from his reclining position; "aunt Katie told us the marvellous legend of the Sea-bird, as we came hither, by way of explaining an adventure of old Cato's, which he related to us this morning. The poor fellow insists that he once saw a ghost and heard her sing her sad song here amongst the billows."

"You may laugh, if you please, Mr. Frank Thornton," said his grandfather with mock gravity, "but wiser men than old Cato have been as much terrified as himself by this same musical apparition."

"Are you serious, sir?" asked Frank, puzzled to ascertain whether he were in jest or earnest.

"Is it a laughing matter, Master Frank, that the ghost of a drowned woman should find it the labor of half a century to lull her drowned child to sleep?" exclaimed his grand-father, "or is it surprising that worthy Cato and many an honest fisherman, and farmer beside, should have been terrified at actually beholding this renowned ghost in *propria persona*?"

"And is it possible that any one in these days, beside our old Cato, can be so weakly superstitious?" demanded Frank in surprise.

"Ay, sir, as surely as you are now on Easton's beach," replied Mr. Thornton; "ah!" continued he laughing, "well do I remember the day of poor Cato's *misadventure*. He had been sent, about sunset to the beach for sand, which in those days all neat house-wives used to sprinkle on their milk-white floors; (for very few were then so extravagant, as to carpet their houses) Cato had been sent hither for sand; but, poor fellow! he returned without it. I shall never forget the ashy hue of his complexion, or the chattering of his great teeth, as he rushed into the house, and even into the parlor in his terror, where crouching himself down close beside my father, he informed us that he had been pursued by the ghost of the drowned lady with her child in her arms, whom he fancied he had offended by interrupting her song."

"Did you not laugh a great deal at old Cato for believing in ghosts, grand-papa?"

"Not *then*, certainly, Edward, for we pitied the terror of the poor boy, which was as great as if there had really been a cause for it,' replied the old gentleman, "but we often afterwards endea-

vored to convince him of the folly of his superstitious fears; in spite of reason and of ridicule however, he persists in believing the whole to be a reality. But Cato, unfortunately, is not the only person whose belief in this musical apparition is as fixed as their religious creed. There is a farmer, a very worthy though ignorant man, who supplies my family with milk and butter. Yonder is his house," added Mr. Thornton, pointing it out; "this honest man has often told me stories of this same ghost."

"I should like to hear the superstitious old man tell the story," observed Alfred.

"I should like much better to meet the apparition herself," said Frank, "but may we not suppose the whole story of the Sea-bird a fiction? or that the ship herself was a phantom, like the famous "Flying Dutchman?"

"I should find it very difficult to think so," answered Mr. Thornton, "because we have the concurring testimony of many respectable people who came hither and witnessed the fact. My father was one of them, and some are yet living who saw it."

"Bless me, sir! I listened to the whole story as to a fable," said Frank.

"The fable is a *fact*, sir," rejoined his grandfather, "the vessel was discovered early on a fine morning, by the farmers and fishermen of yonder hamlet," pointing to a cluster of humble dwellings on the bank. "She was *standing in*, with all her sails spread and colors flying. Astonished at so unusual a spectacle, and expecting every moment to see her dashed to pieces on the rocks, the people gathered on the beach to wonder at the madness of her crew, and await her supposed inevitable destruction. She, however, glided in and out between the hidden rocks and boisterous breakers in perfect safety, and struck her keel into the soft sands without sustaining the slightest injury."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Francis, "and is it true that no one was on board her?"

"Not a living thing, except a dog, which was sitting composedly on deck. Coffee was however boiling at the fire and every thing prepared for the breakfast of her crew."

"Had there been no storm on the coast, sir?" inquired Alfred.

"None at all; and the vessel was perfectly uninjured," answered Mr. Thornton; but it is supposed, that, finding themselves unexpectedly very

near the breakers, through the carelessness of the *helmsman*, the crew abandoned the vessel in alarm, and attempted to escape in boats, when strange to say, the vessel reached shore in safety and the boats were lost."

"It is very surprising!" observed Alfred.

"Not more strange than true, young men, as has been testified by several respectable witnesses," replied Mr. Thornton, "but yonder are the fishermen with their booty; they will be ashore in a moment." Rising as he spoke, he descended from the rocks to the sands, followed by all his young companions. In a few moments after, the fishermen beached their boats, and the seine was drawn to land filled with its struggling captives.

"How they shine!" cried Edward, bounding about in childish glee, as thousands of the inhabitants of the deep floundered on the beach, some of them in their dying agonies, leaping high in the air, their silvery sides glittering with the reflected beams of the noon-tide sun.

"If we did not know they were suffering so much, this would be a much more agreeable and amusing sight, Edward," observed Alfred.

"Poor little things!" cried Edward, with suddenly changed feelings, "I should like to throw some of them back to their *home*, the sea, again."

"A loud shout from the fishermen now drew their attention to a shark, which had been inclosed in the net along with the fish, on which he had doubtless intended to regale himself. The young Thorntons ran eagerly to obtain a view of the hideous creature, which, though a young one, was a novelty to them. It was almost immmediately dispatched by the oars and clubs of the fishermen.

"Mr. Thornton now looking at his watch, was surprised to find it so late, and when his grandsons had satisfied their curiosity, he summoned them around him, and immediately commenced his walk homeward.

On their return home they found the ladies arrived before them, and Miss Katie engaged in teaching Mrs. Thornton and Ellen the art of making baskets and vases of shell work. It is a favorite employment of many of the Newport ladies, and as the shells may be collected in abundance on many of the beaches, they are easily procured. Some of the vases and fancy articles manufactured of them, are very elegant. To prevent the ladies from being interrupted in their agreeable occupation, Mr. Thornton invited little Emma and her brothers to the Library, where he was accus-

tomed to pass his own mornings in reading or writing. His elder grand-sons were of course at no loss for entertainment, and were both immediately occupied with a book. Having therefore selected some engravings for the amusement of the younger children, he sate down to finish the perusal of a new and interesting publication, and soon became so deeply engaged, that the presence of his grand-children was entirely forgotten, until a buzz of whispering voices suddenly reminded him of the circumstance, by the disturbance it occasioned him. On looking up to ascertain its cause, he perceived that, not satisfied with the sketches he had given them, Edward was busily employed in exploring a case of drawers, where a choice collection of drawings, engravings, and painting implements, belonging to his daughter, were deposited, whose port-folios were now undergoing a strict and merciless examination.

"What would you be at there?" demanded their grand-father, suppressing a momentary inclination to laughter, as he observed their busy looks and the industry with which they were pursuing their depredations amongst Miss Katie's treasures. Conscious of being detected in what was not lawful, the children started like guilty things, and in their

eagerness to replace the drawings, overturned an elegant box of water-colors, and a *camera obscura*.

"If you have injured that box, you little rogue, you shall be punished," said Mr. Thornton, laying aside his book, and advancing to ascertain the extent of the mischief, "who gave you leave to meddle with those drawers?" he sternly demanded, as he took Emma on one arm, and with his other hand snatched a port-folio from Edward.

"No one, sir;" replied the abashed culprit, stepping back with both hands thrust into his pockets, and looking ruefully at the scattered papers and colors; "and I did not mean to do any mischief at all."

"You have broken a glass of the camera-obscura, however," said Alfred, who had risen to assist in remedying the accident.

"If the mad-cap have not injured the drawing-box, it will be fortunate," said Mr. Thornton, adding, "Hark'ye! Mr. Ned Thornton, if you *must* be in mischief, let your depredations be confined to my property. With Miss Katie's, no one shall presume to meddle. She is a little particular on such points, as she has a good right to be on *all* or *any*, and I tell you once more, that *her* property shall not be molested. Come hither,

sirrah-rogue! and replace the colors in the box, and the box in the drawer, and let me catch you at such tricks again, if you dare." Edward obeyed, very much grieved, for he saw that his grand-father was seriously displeased. To his great joy he, however, found, that all the mischief he had done, might be repaired, except the unfortunate *camera-obscura*, which was really broken. *That*, Mr. Thornton said, was of little consequence, as it was *his* own, and a new glass might be easily procured, "but once more I must tell you, master Edward, that I forbid your tampering with any property of Miss Katie's. It is a law in my house, sir, that whatever belongs to *her*, is sacred."

"How strange, grand-papa, that you are so much more careful of aunt Katie's things than your own," said Edward, beginning to recover from his fright, "and she is so good-natured, that I do not believe she would have scolded if I had spoiled the box, and all the rest."

"No, sir, she never scolds, and she is *always* good-natured; and that is the very reason I will have nothing done to vex her. But go sir," added Mr. Thornton, "you are no gentleman, since you are not to be trusted. So away with you, out of the room."

"Then *I* must go too, for I was as bad as Ned. *I* helped him pull out the things," said little Emma, bursting into tears, as she sprung off her grand-father's knee, and I have not behaved like a *gentleman* either."

"You act like a *lady*, however, in acknowledging your share of the mischief, my little girl," replied her grand-father, smiling.

"But it was I that put it into your head," cried Edward, pushing her back into the room, "you never thought of searching the drawers till I asked you," he added, shutting the door hastily, to conceal the tears that were standing in his eyes.

"You may come back again," said Mr. Thornton, opening the door again, "you are too generous, I see, to let Emma be censured for your faults, and in this, at least, you have acted like a gentleman. I now will believe that you would not have had the meanness to meddle with what you had no right to touch, had you reflected a moment. You will be more cautious in future, and now we will be friends again."

Edward took the hand which his grand-father extended in token of forgiveness, and wiping the tears from his face with the back of his hand, returned to the library; after two or three ineffec-

tual efforts to speak, he at last said, "You are very good, sir, to forgive me."

"But I *have* forgiven you, and so we must not think or say any thing more about it," returned Mr. Thornton, adding, "you may look for a book, or, stay, you may turn over the drawings in Miss Katie's album. I may venture to intrust you with it *now*, I think."

Thanking his grand-father for the indulgence, Edward seated himself, and remained very quiet the rest of the morning. Mr. Thornton was soon after called away to receive the visit of a friend, when the great delight afforded Edward by some of the drawings in his aunt's album, attracted the attention of his brothers.

"Oh, if sister Ellen could only paint like *that*, cried Edward.

"Surely I know that painting," exclaimed Alfred.

"You are not mistaken, brother," said Frank, "look at those initials below."

"It is *indeed* then my father's drawing, said Alfred.

"My father! Is it papa's drawing?" cried little Emma, squeezing her little curly head between those of her brothers', to gaze at it.

"And those lines too beneath the picture, that writing is papa's also," cried Frank; and with agitated eagerness added, "I am glad my grandfather is absent, for we may read them now; and I will copy them."

"But the hand resembles aunt Katie's so much, I am rather doubtful," said Alfred; "see, yonder she goes to the garden; give me the book, Frank. I will know whose lines they are," and seizing the book, he hastened with it to the garden. He returned almost immediately, and Miss Katie again rejoined her sister, for whom she had been gathering a bouquet. "The lines *are* my father's, Frank, and were written at the age of fourteen," said Alfred, "aunt Katie not only permits us to copy them, but any others we like;" with these words Alfred seized a pen and hastily transcribed the following

LINES.

"Dear Isle of my birth, sweetest gem of the sea,
Now summer revisits thy shore;
My heart's best affections turn fondly to thee!
Oh, when shall I greet thee once more?

Here the woodlands are verdant, the waters are bright,
The flowrets their beauties display;

But no spot on this earth is so fair to my sight
As my own native Isle, far away.

O! mine be that Island, whose verdant glades peep
Between its rocks rugged and gray.
And mine be those rude rocks, wild, broken, and steep,
That rise o'er the white ocean spray.

I love all its wildness, more dearly by far;
Its sea-beaten shores are more dear,
Than the regular grove, or the formal parterre,
And the sameness of scenery here.

Oh! let me once more meet the glance of those eyes,
That beam'd with affection on me;
Once more clasp the hand of true friendship in mine,
And as bless'd as in infancy be.

And then not a wish to forsake thee once more,
In my tranquillized breast shall be found;
The dear rugged rocks that encircle thy shore
All my wand'rings and wishes shall bound.

For all that is dearest and loveliest to me,
The scenes and the friends I love best;
All I love—all who love me, are center'd in thee,
And with them can I only be blest"

"How very strong his attachment to his native island appears to have been," exclaimed Frank, as his brother finished writing.

"Yes, and how affectionately my father and aunt Katie loved each other," returned Alfred, as he placed in his hand some verses written on a loose piece of paper. "You must copy them now, Frank, while we have an opportunity."

"Aunt Katie *poetizes* too, then," asked Francis.

"Not now," returned Alfred, "she told me that she was once infected with the rhyming-mania, but my father perceiving the folly of scribbling nonsense as Aunt Katie calls it, cured her of it by the forced dint of ridicule."

"That was a queer word you used just now brother," said Edward, "pray what is a writing *mania?*"

"*Mania* means madness, Eddie," replied Alfred, "but do not shake the table so, I shall never have done copying this if you do."

"I have little judgement in such matters Alfred," said Frank; "but these verses breathe so much affection for my father that I cannot help liking them, if they *are nonsense,*" and without waiting a reply, he spread his paper and instantly began copying the piece entitled:—

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

The moment of trial has pass'd—we have parted,
To meet perhaps never again—
And I o'er the mem'ry of pleasures departed
Breathe the sighs of my sorrow in vain.

For thou art afar, and tear-drops of sorrow
On my cheek disregarded may shine—
And the sighs of my heart are too distant to borrow
Sympathetic responses from thine.

Yet thou too wilt sigh o'er the fond recollection
Of friends thou hast left far behind—
Nor will distance or time ever chill that affection,
Which so long round thy heart had entwin'd.—

Our days of delight flew on pinions of gladness,
They were days too delicious to last—
They are fled and our pleasure is chang'd into sadness
And fruitless regret for the past.

But ne'er till the heart of thy Sister shall moulder,
Though kingdoms and oceans should part—
Shall our long cherish'd fervent affection wax colder,
Or thou be less dear to my heart.

And though childhood is pass'd and those pleasures are over,
Which thy presence has render'd so dear—
Yet around them fond memory delighted shall hover,
And Fancy still dream thou art here.

And although o'er the hour which oblig'd us to sever
The tear-drops of sorrow fall fast—
We will cherish this hope "that we part not forever,
But shall be re-united at last."

Scarcely had Frank finished copying the foregoing when they were summoned to the drawing-room to be presented to Colonel Hardy and his lady, intimate friends of Mr. Thornton and his daughter, who, with many other ladies and gentlemen of Newport had called on Mrs. Thornton. Col. Hardy as Commandant of the Troops at this station resided at Fort Wolcott, which is situated on a beautiful island in the centre of Newport Harbor. When urged to stay to dinner, the Col. and Mrs. Hardy consented on condition that the Thornton family should in the afternoon accompany them back to Fort Wolcott, from whence they were to be conducted to Brenton's Point, to view the new works at Fort Adams, which are so extensive that though five or six years have already been employed on them, it is expected that a much longer time will be required before they are completed. Mrs. Thornton being quite unequal to such an excursion, the proposal was declined by the ladies, but accepted on the part of the gentlemen, who, as soon as the cloth was removed departed, antici-

pating much gratification. Miss Thornton, however, permitted not their departure until she had obtained from the Col. and Mrs. Hardy, the promise of passing the next day with her, when she proposed that the whole party should visit "Malbone's Garden." Mr. Thornton and his grandsons took tea with Mrs. Hardy at Fort Wolcott, and returned to town by moon-light, much pleased and not a little fatigued by their rambles.

it was ever intended by its builders for the mere basis of a wind-mill;" and having so said, the stranger bowed with stiff formality and quitted the place.

"Humph!" ejaculated the colonel, with a shrug, as he looked after him,

> "He that's convinc'd against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."——

"But, whatever was the original destination of the old pile," he added, "I think this Mr. Arnold of yours, was to be envied such a treasure of a child as his daughter must have been, if deserving of her distinguished name."

"Aye, a fine name! I like it myself, and if Miss Katie were to be christened over again," said Mr. Thornton, looking affectionately towards his daughter, who was walking with the ladies at a little distance, "I would call her "*God's gift*," for a good child is a God's gift indeed, sir, as I hope you will experience and thankfully acknowledge."

The colonel thanked him, and accosting the young Thorntons, who, with his own sons now rejoined them, exclaimed, "Well, young gentlemen, what is the result of your inquiry? What

do you find the circumference of this singular and most unaccountable ruin?"

"It is precisely eighty-one feet, sir," replied Frank.

"If you have finished your investigation," said Mr. Thornton, "I believe it is time we returned. The ladies will be weary of waiting." The party accordingly returned to the house, where the carriages were already in waiting to receive them. As they intended rambling all day about the Island, and knew not where they should find it most agreeable to dine, Cato had been directed to place refreshments in the carriages, that they might regale themselves when they pleased. Bread, cheese, lobsters, cold ham, tongues, olives, lemons and fruit, had therefore all been packed commodiously away by old Cato, who was well practised in providing for such pic-nic excursions, and the party set off in high spirits. Directing their course north-west-ward from the town, they proceeded immediately through that part of Newport called the "Point," which, although not considered a genteel part of the town, has some pleasant and airy streets, and many convenient dwellings. Previous to the revolutionary war this was a very busy and commercial part of the city.

There were situated extensive tanneries, sugar-works and distilleries. Here likewise were docks, wharves and ware-houses, all which were destroyed by the British, and of which no vestiges now remain. The ship-building of Newport is however still carried on in the ship-yards at this part of the town. Mr. Thornton stopped the carriages at "Gravelly Point," formerly called "Bull's Point,' a beach remarkable as the place of execution, where twenty-six pirates were all hanged together on the 19th of July A. D. 1723. These pirates were found on board the sloop Fortune, commanded by Low, and the Ranger, commanded by one Harris, both which piratical cruisers were captured fourteen leagues from the east end of Long-Island, by captain Peter Solyard, of the English ship Grey-hound, on the 10th of June previous, 1723. Leaving behind them the scene where these unhappy men had met the punishment too justly merited by their crimes, our party proceeded to Fort Greene, commonly called the "North Battery," a pleasant spot though now dismantled in ruins, notwithstanding it was fortified so recently as at the breaking out of the late war with England. Turning from Fort Greene, they proceeded to the shore, Mr. Thornton hav-

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ing procured a "Permit" from the committee who superintend the asylum, to visit that establishment. As a boat is always in waiting, they were quickly wafted across the narrow channel from Rhode-Island to Coaster's Harbor Island, on which the asylum is situated. It is a handsome stone-edifice, occupying an airy and pleasant situation and appearing to great advantage from the harbor. It is supplied with every accommodation, that benevolence could devise, for the comfort of its inhabitants. The able-bodied pensioners are required to contribute to their own support by cultivating the large and valuable farm, on which it stands, and as the land is extremely fertile, its produce has greatly diminished the expense of maintaining the poor of Newport, who find themselves much more commodiously situated than before their removal from town, though it is said, they submitted to the measure with unconquerable repugnance. The hearts of the young strangers dilated with satisfaction as they observed the neatness and orderly appearance of the house, and the kind treatment they receive from the people who have charge of them; and they felt great pleasure in distributing the little presents of various kinds, which their grand-father had

provided for them to bestow among the pensioners. As they were returning from the Asylum, Mr. Thornton remarked, that, since its erection the street-beggars who had previously been an absolute nuisance in Newport, had entirely disappeared. Having recrossed the creek, they drove directly to Malbone's garden, into which they obtained admission by the payment of four pence each.

Colonel Hardy, desirous of viewing the old work on "Tonomy Hill," readily acceded to Mr. Thornton's proposal of ascending to its summit. This hill was fortified by the British, while in the possession of the island during the Revolution. It terminated the left wing of the intrenchments, with which they surrounded the town on the north and east. The ascent on the south-side of this hill is a tolerably easy slope, but on the other sides its rocks have been cut into a smooth perpendicular, which in some places are even now inaccessible. From the vestiges which yet remain, Colonel Hardy pronounced it to have been a strong and important fortress. Alfred and Frank, found much amusement in tracing out by the colonel's assistance, (who as a soldier was conversant with such subjects,) the form and original

boundaries of the old intrenchment. On the summit of this hill are the ruinous walls of a brick block-house, erected there during the presidency of the first Adams.

As they were descending the hill, Francis inquired if the hill had been named in honor of the celebrated St. Tammany, as he had observed it was more frequently called Tammany than "Tonomy," as his grand-father and the colonel both pronounced it."

"No," replied Mr. Thornton, "Tonomy" is the vulgar abbreviation of the name Wonnumetonomy, who, at the time when Mr. Coddington purchased the island of the Narragansett Sachems, Miantonimo and Canonicus, was, (under them,) the resident Sachem, or Governor of the island. The wigwam of this Sachem was situated here; and it was the "royal residence" both before and after the conquest of the island by the Narragansetts."

"But I have always thought, sir, that the natives of this island were a part of the great Narragansett nation," observed Alfred; "were they then ever indpendent of them?"

"So says tradition," replied Mr. Thornton, "and so we must suppose from the fact that the

Narragansetts obtained the island "by conquest." The island was conquered some time before the settlement of the English at New Plymouth, but how long previous, it is impossible to ascertain. The battle, which decided the fate of the "Aquidians," was fought at a place about three miles and a quarter from our State-House in Newport, at a swamp or low ground in the township of Middletown, near the brook or *river*, as it was formerly called, a little eastward of the road leading to Bristol ferry. From a tradition, handed down from one Doctor Garret, a physician, whose testimony is esteemed worthy of full credit, and who is supposed to have received it from the Indians themselves, it appears, that there had been a sea-fight between the Narragansetts and the Aquidians, in which the latter were entirely defeated. After this discomfiture, they were assailed by their enemies on land, and collected the remnant of their tribe, commanded by their Sachem in person, to make a last and desperate struggle in defense of their freedom and their country; when, at the place I have mentioned, their camp was surrounded on all sides by their enemies. Their Sachem and great warriors were slaughtered, and their army completely vanquished. The unhappy sur-

vivors thus became the tributaries of the Narragansetts, and so continued until the settlement of the island by our forefathers.* Wonnumetonomy, from whom this hill derives its name, is supposed to have been the heir of the Sachem killed in this battle. In corroboration of the truth of this tradition," added Mr. Thornton, "I should mention that the fact of the "Conquest" is recited in the Indian Deed of the Island."

Having finished their survey of the hill, and enjoyed the extensive prospects it afforded, they now descended to examine the celebrated ruins of Malbone House. They found the ladies, (who had declined the fatiguing walk to the hill,) sociably and comfortably seated on the lofty flight of stone-steps,† which once conducted to the principal portal of this splendid mansion, where Ellen was employed under her aunt's tuition, in a first attempt at sketching from nature, being desirous of conveying on canvas to her friends at New-York some faint idea of the beautiful prospect around, which appeared so charming to herself. The younger children were gamboling

* Vide Note III, at the end of the volume.

† These steps have since been removed.

among the ruins, or bounding along the garden-walks, in pursuit of wild flowers and butterflies. As the gentlemen rejoined the group, a venerable figure, dressed in the primitive attire of a Quaker, suddenly emerged from the shadow of some trees hard by, bearing in his hand a rake with which he had been employed.

"A beautiful spot, sir," exclaimed Colonel Hardy, bowing with polite affability to the aged man, "a beautiful spot, sir, notwithstanding its formal borders of clipped boxwood and the antique taste, which so strictly required that every "alley should have its brother." From the vestiges of elegance yet remaining, I should suppose the villa must have been superb."

"Thou art right, friend; there was no such dwelling in the provinces," replied the Quaker; but like all earthly pomps and vanities it had but a brief existence. It is melancholy to walk here of an evening, as I sometimes do, and hear the snake hiss, the ivy rustle, and the winds moan, where kind words and glad voices once so gaily echoed."

"It teaches us a solemn lesson on the vanity of human greatness," said Mr. Thornton.

"It doth so, friend Thornton," replied the aged

moralist, "and thy young people may here learn the folly of seeking a portion among corruptible things, to the neglect of that better and enduring inheritance, which is reserved for "the pure in heart;" and he cast a benevolent glance on the young faces around him.

"The proprietor of this villa must have been affluent," observed the colonel.

"He was one of the most opulent in the provinces, young man," was the reply. "His town-house, which is yet standing in Newport, was also a splendid habitation. It is an ancient brick building, perhaps thou hast observed it."

"I have," replied the officer, "it has an imposing appearance with its portico, double flight of lofty steps, and its heavy and highly ornamented iron gates and railings."

"The interior* also presents many vestiges of its former splendor," added the Quaker, "in its gilded cornices and pannel work, and its mantels of rich marble. But the house on the ruins of which you stand, was the most superb mansion in the colonies. It was once the resort of all the gay,

* This ancient mansion has recently been converted into a modern dwelling.

and falsely called *great ones* of our island, and has been the scene of many a splendid banquet and joyous revel. But, 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

"By what means, sir," asked Alfred, "was it reduced to its present ruinous condition?"

Alfred had addressed his grand-father, who, though perfectly acquainted with its history, preferred that his children should hear it from the Quaker, with whose serious remarks and impressive manner he had been particularly pleased.

"It was destroyed by accident," replied the latter. On a day when a large party had assembled at dinner, their mirth was suddenly interrupted by the alarm of fire, which had been kindled by a spark from the kitchen-chimney. Thou seest it is far from town, and except the *farm-house* wherein I now live, there was no dwelling near. The neighboring farmers assembled as soon as the alarm was given, ready and willing to exert themselves for the preservation of the property; but they came from a distance, and the flames had made considerable progress before the fire was discovered. It was moreover a very windy day, and in spite of all their efforts the house was reduced to a smouldering ruin before night-fall."

"'Sic, transit gloria mundi!'"—exclaimed the colonel.

"But I heard old Mrs. Guthrie say, that the destruction of the house was chiefly owing to the folly and pride of its haughty mistress," observed Ellen.

"Ay, it is seldom that any one omits *that* part of the story, as our friend Mr. B——m has done," observed Mr. Thornton with a smile.

"I omitted it friend Thornton, because I feel reluctant to speak of the faults of the dead,—even when I *know* that a story is true," replied the benevolent quaker, and added, turning to Ellen, "I am not ignorant of the story my young friend —for few people ever speak of Malbone House, without referring to it. It is an old story that the haughty lady would not endure to have her spacious halls and parlors polluted by a rabble of country boys and farmers, nor allow them to trample with their dusty shoes over her rich carpets and mahogany stairs, even to preserve her stately mansion from destruction, and that being allowed to enter only by the back doors, it was found impossible to convey water to the roof fast enough to extinguish the flames, in consequence of which the haughty woman lost her house."

"Good enough for her," said Frank, "she deserved it for her folly."

"She did so, young man, if the story be true," observed the quaker; "but let us beware of cherishing the same spirit we condemn in her. It is easy, my young friend, to censure the faults of others, but difficult to detect and conquer our own."

"Remember that, my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton.

"And remember too, that the truth of this part of the story cannot be vouched for," added Miss Katie.

"Aye," said Mr. Thornton, "that is the *vulgar* version of the story, though the common one, which I always have considered rather apocryphal —for haughty as the lady very probably was, she was not a fool."

"Her husband was not, at least," added Miss Katie, "for he bore his loss, with the calmness of a philosopher as appears from an anecdote recorded in a newspaper of the period—the Newport Herald if I mistake not. I met with it the other day in looking over a file of old papers—and as nearly as I can recollect, the paragraph read thus: 'June 7th, 1766—the elegant dwelling-house,

being the country-seat of Col. Godfrey Malbone, was entirely consumed by fire.' The Colonel had a large family party at dinner, and finding that no efforts could arrest the progress of the flames ordered the dinner to be conveyed to an out-building adjacent, cooly observing, 'If I have lost my house that is no reason that we should lose our dinner.'"

"But we shall lose ours at this rate, my child," said Mr. Thornton, and turning to the quaker added—"We thank you, Mr. B———m, for your narrative, and still more for your apposite and impressive remarks. I hope the moral to be derived from your story and the sight of this melancholy ruin will be beneficial to my young family."

"I wish it may, friend Thornton," returned the quaker. "A sight like this should teach us all the vanity of that 'wealth which maketh itself wings and flieth away,'—and in the pursuit of which so many of us waste the time, and mis-apply the talents which were bestowed upon us for nobler purposes. Here we may see, my young friends, how poor and perishable is all earthly grandeur—it vanisheth away leaving an unsightly pile of ruins to tell that it hath ever been. Let us therefore learn to look *higher* my children, and beyond this transit-

ory state of existence lay up imperishable treasures in the eternal mansions beyond the grave." He stooped as he ceased speaking and gathering some wall-flowers and wild-roses, that bloomed amongst the ruins presented them to Ellen saying, "Let these remind thee, through the day at least, young friend, of the melancholy ruin of 'Malbone House.' "

"I will dry and preserve them, sir," she replied, with a modest and grateful smile, "that I may remember the lesson much longer than a day."

"Remember it to thy *latest day*, my young friend, and thou wilt be the wiser and happier for it," rejoined the pious quaker, and resuming his gardening implements he bade them a cordial "Farewell!"

"That worthy man should have been a Bishop," exclaimed the Colonel warmly.

"A mitre would not better become his good grey head, than his own broad beaver," replied Mr. Thornton as they all gazed after his retiring figure with feelings of interest and veneration. Ellen having finished her sketch and the sun becoming sultry as it approached the meridian, the party re-entered their carriages and casting a melancholy farewell glance at the wreck of former

ing through Miss Katie's favorite route, Green End, rode to Sessawich Beach. On this beach are the "Hanging rocks," and at the western end the singular chasm called Purgatory—a gloomy abyss formed in the solid rock by some violent convulsion of nature. There is water at the bottom supposed to be fathomless—and its sides are filled with swallow's nests which remain unmolested in the clefts of the precipitous rocks inaccessible to the foot of man. Purgatory is celebrated as the scene of the famous "Lover's Leap," of which story no one can be ignorant who has resided long at Newport. Charles Hardy and Frank Thornton while heedlessly clambering about the rocks, approached the verge of the horrible gulf so nearly, that had the slightest pebble slipped beneath their feet they must inevitably have been precipitated to the bottom.

The ladies turned pale with apprehension, and the Colonel fearing to startle them by calling aloud advanced cautiously behind them, and drew them back from their dangerous situation with a *kind* but by no means a *gentle* hand, bestowing on his son at the same time a severe shaking, together with a stern reprimand for his temerity. He then conducted them to a spot where they might in-

Hatfield's Lith. New York

PURGATORY NEAR NEWPORT, *R.I.*

PARADISE NEAR NEWPORT, *R.I.*

dulge their curiosity at a less fearful risk. The children amused themselves a long time in throwing stones into the chasm and listening to the thundering sound they produced as they bounded from rock to rock and sunk at length into the water.

"One would scarcely imagine a place better fitted up by the hand of Nature for the accommodation of 'demons dire,'" observed the Colonel, as they stood surveying the abyss.

"Has it no presiding genius?" inquired Mr. Thornton; "is there no legend attached to the place to give it interest?"

"Every body has heard the tradition of the Lover's Leap," said Miss Thornton.

"Of course," rejoined the Colonel; "but have you never a ghost here, to introduce to our notice —those lovers were mere creatures of flesh and blood."

"Pardon me sir," cried Mrs. Thornton, "you forget that we poor Yorkers have never heard of Purgatory itself till to-day, and know nothing of this legend."

"Let us have it then, by all means, Miss Thornton," said the Colonel, "and the more ghosts you can muster for it the better. Let us have the

story with all its machinery, if there be any madam."

"Unfortunately there is not even the shadow of a ghost about the place," said Miss Katie.

"Pshaw! what a pity!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I wish your old nurse were here—she would conjure them up by battalions."

"Nay then, an' you be in that humor, you shall have the legend of the Squaw, and the personage very unpoetically styled 'Old Nick," said Mr. Thornton, "and if it be not the most romantic and agreeable story of the two, even Miss Thornton must admit that it is the most ancient."

"Let us have it by all means dear sir," entreated Mrs. Thornton.

"Tradition says," resumed Mr. Thornton "that after the settlement of our island, some of the Indians were not quite so well satisfied with the bargain they had made, as were their English neighbors;—which I think you will allow was by no means surprising when I tell you that they had bartered away the whole of it for a string of beads!"

"A *string of beads* grand-papa!" exclaimed the children in amazement. "What! the whole of this beautiful island for a string of beads?"

"Even so, my dears—the island was sold by them to the English for 40 fathoms of wampum."

"Wampum," replied Edward. "What is *wampum*, if you please, grand-papa? I never heard of wampum before."

"Wampum," replied Mr. Thornton, "is a corruption of the word 'Wampampea,' which signifies 'Indian money.' The Indians you know were unacquainted with the use of metals, and this wampum supplied the place of coin among them. It was their current money when the country was settled by the English, and was called Wampampea by the Narragansetts and other tribes of New-England. Wampum is of two kinds, white and black—the one made of the shell of the perriwinkle (*Baccinum undatum*, Lin.;) the other of that of the clam (*Venus mercenaria*, Lin.) both which belong to the class *Vermes testacea*, you know, Ellen—these shells being formed into beads, Edward, are what we call *wampum*—and now let me get on with my story. Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of some of the Indians respecting their bargain, it appears that they lived on very amicable terms with their white neighbors, some of them dwelling as inmates with the Yengees, as they called them. Of this number was an old

Indian woman, who at length on some provocation avenged herself by the murder of a white man—and fearing the resentment of his people, instantly fled the town. Having arrived in this vicinity she was on a sudden, rather unexpectedly accosted by a certain distinguished personage, in her own language denominated Hobomoko, but in plain English, the *devil*, whom the Indians worshipped you know, from a principle of *fear*. He abruptly informed the poor culprit that he had come to carry her off in order to punish her for the murder she had committed—a proposal not a whit the more agreeable to her from the circumstance of his having assumed the appearance and dress of an Englishman. Recollecting however that she had proved more than a match for one white man, she fancied that she might possibly manage to scalp another, and flatly declined the honor of attending him, but he as obstinately persisting in his purpose, they soon proceeded from high *words* to *blows*, exchanging cuff for cuff with right good will, until they had approached this abyss, toward which, during their boxing-match the devil had been urging her by imperceptible degrees, when suddenly seizing the unhappy squaw, Mr. Hobomoko plunged with her into that unfathomable

gulf. Tradition adds that the print of his celebrated cloven-foot, and those of the poor woman's hands (who struggled vainly to escape so horrible a fate) are indelibly imprinted on the rocks, but though I have often heard others assert that they had seen them and have spent many an hour of my boyhood in searching for them myself, I was never so fortunate as to discover them."

"Alack! for the poor squaw!" exclaimed the facetious officer, as Mr. Thornton concluded. "The tradition befits the place, which seems to be indeed a fitting entrance to the abodes of darkness; but now for the 'lover's leap,'" he added, turning to Miss Katie.

"Oh yes, the lover's leap, aunty," cried the young people eagerly, "let us now hear about the 'lover's leap.'"

"Well then—to begin in the old and approved style of story-telling," said Miss Thornton, "once there was a man, a very wealthy person, who owned all Sessawich and the land as far as we can see, for aught I know. This gentleman had a daughter who like all great heiresses was very beautiful of course, and had many admirers, for when was a rich heiress without them?" asked Miss Katie laughing, "and among those of the

heroine of my story was one elegant and accomplished young gentleman, whom, as he was most sincerely attached to her, she failed not to treat with great cruelty and scorn—intending nevertheless to marry him when she had broken his heart often enough. One day as they were rambling about the rocks just here, the capricious beauty, in reply to some protestation of her lover, pointed to yonder fearful gulf and bade him as a test of his sincerity and devotion to her, leap across the abyss, promising that if he survived the enterprise she would immediately give him her hand."

"He fell in, I suppose, and was dashed to death as he deserved to be!" exclaimed Frank, as his aunt paused for breath.

"Nay," said the Colonel, "he could not, in that case, have refused to haunt the place, if he were a ghost of any gallantry."

"No—he did not fall in—and he was not dashed to death," returned Miss Thornton; "he did better than that—for after looking intently for a moment in the face of his mistress—to ascertain if she were in earnest I suppose, he suddenly dropped her hand, and the next moment he had leaped across the chasm and was standing erect on the rocks yonder.

"Fool for his pains," "said Frank once more;" pity he had not broken his neck."

"He did better than that," repeated his laughing aunt, "for as soon as he had alighted from his flying leap in safety, he turned round and expressed in the most eloquent terms his admiration of the lady's fine person, complimented her ironically upon the goodness of her heart, and then with a most profound obeisance pronounced an eternal farewell and deliberately marched away, with only one pocket to his coat leaving the other, as a *keepsake* I suppose, in the hand of the lady, who, when she saw him about to obey her command in sober earnest had seized him by the coat in order to prevent it. Tradition further asserts that flying into a passion on the loss of her lover, the lady dashed—*not herself*, Francis—but the coat-flap into the gulf, where, as it has never since been heard of, it undoubtedly remains to this day."

"Oh! It haunts the place, "cried the Colonel. "It is undoubtedly haunted by the "ghost of the coat-flap," and so the gentleman was cured of his passion, Miss Katie!—Why really, madam, the virtues of this modern Leucadia ought to be better known in the world. What regiments of love-

lorn swains would crowd hither to heal their broken hearts, or break their foolish necks in the attempt, did they but know the efficacy of a leap across Purgatory! In common charity I think, the world should be apprized of it."

"It grows late, my dear," said Mrs. Hardy, "and you forget that we have to cross the water before we get home. If we mean to visit Paradise, ladies, I believe it is time we were off," she added, "and according to the poor Papists' creed we have now a right of admittance—having "passed Purgatory."

"Your remark Mrs. Hardy, reminds me that tomorrow is the Sabbath," said her husband, "and if any of our friends here would like to worship among us plain Congregationalists, we have a pew large enough to accomodate them all,—and shall be very happy to escort you thither," he added, bowing to the Thornton family. His invitation was instantly accepted by Mrs. Thornton, whose stay in Newport being necessarily limited to a week allowed her no other opportunity of visiting the churches. A short drive brought our little party to the spot which by some means or other has obtained the high sounding title of Paradise. It is merely a long and delightful

grove of sycamore trees, skirting the base of a rocky hill which is ornamented by many pretty groves of mulberry and other trees, by little verdant glades, and slopes, piles of rocks and clumps of trees scattered about it on all sides: The summit of this hill affords a richly diversified and most extensive prospect both of the island and the ocean, the beauty of which more than compensates the trouble and fatigue of ascending it. Parties from Newport often go thither during the summer season, to pass the day in rambling about, taking refreshments with them as the Thorntons had done at Kendall's Mills. Our little party remained at Paradise until reminded of the necessity of returning home, by the setting sun. When once more re-entering their carriages with some reluctance, they drove rapidly to town. Col. and Mrs. Hardy could not be prevailed on to alight, but proceeded directly to Fort Wolcott, and fatigued with their long excursion, Mr. Thornton's family were glad to retire to rest at a very early hour.

CHAPTER V.

Conversation on the profanation of the Sabbath—Franks' indolence reproved—Sunday Schools—Churches, &c., &c.

The family of Mr. Thornton arose at their usual hour on the ensuing morning, with the exception of Francis, who, thinking as too many are apt to do, that provided he rose in season to attend public worship, it was of no consequence how he disposed of the remainder of the day, continued in bed until an express summons from his grandfather compelled him to rise. "I do think it is absolute nonsense," he said pettishly, to Alfred, who had brought him his grand-father's message; "We have nothing on earth to do and grandpapa might let me sleep. I am tired to death with our yesterday's strolling, and he must be fatigued himself, I should think. "But the whole family are assembled for prayers and wait only for you, replied Alfred, "and I am sure that my mother is displeased at your lying in bed so late."

"Well! if I *must* get up, I must," said Frank, sullenly, as he began reluctantly to dress, "but I cannot imagine why it is necessary for them to wait for me.

Alfred returned to the parlor, where, in profound silence the assembled household were awaiting the appearance of his brother, who at length shuffled, evidently in no very good humour, into the room.

"We have *waited* for you, Mr. Francis," said his grand-father, gravely, and Frank in confusion stammered something which he meant for an apology.

"Are you ill Frank?" asked his grand-father.

"Not in the least sir, replied Francis, promptly.

"This is the first day since your arrival Francis, that you have not risen with the birds," said Mr. Thornton; "may I ask your reasons for lying so late to day?"

I felt somewhat fatigued, sir—and as we had nothing particular to do, and no where to go, I thought there was no occasion to be in a hurry."

"Had there been a party of pleasure or an appointment for business in view, then we are to suppose you would have risen betimes," said Mr. Thornton."

"Certainly sir—I am in the habit of rising

early," replied Frank, beginning to feel a little uneasy.

"You are not to be a lawyer, Frank," said his grand-father, but you can inform us, I dare say, what *burglary* is, and what is its penalty.

"Burglary is house-breaking, and punishable with death, I believe, "said Frank, staring in unfeigned amazement.

" And sacrilege?" pursued Mr. Thornton.

"Sacrilege is the violation of sacred things—such as the robbery of a church, or the appropriation of consecrated things to any unhallowed purpose."

"And which do you consider the greatest crime, my son, burglary or sacrilege? asked Mr. Thornton.

"Sacrilege undoubtedly," replied Frank, "as it is a crime committed more directly against God."

"You are right Francis—and now let me ask what is meant by a Sabbath?"

"It is the seventh part of our time which we are commanded to devote to the worship of our Maker, and in which we are to refrain from "all worldly words and works," answered Frank, with characteristic ingenuousness, though he now began to comprehend his grand-father's drift.

"But *which part* of the Sabbath are we to devote to the worship of God? demanded Mr. Thornton.

"The *whole* of *it* sir," replied Frank, coloring crimson.

"Enough Francis," said the old gentleman "I leave *you* to judge whether or not you have robbed your Maker, by wasting in indolence that holy time which *should have been* devoted to Him.—You said just now that you should have risen notwithstanding your fatigue, had there been any excursion in view, or any business to attend to.—Does not this argue great ingratitude unto, and most sinful contempt of God?"

"Contempt of God!—exclaimed Frank, in a tone of horror.

"I said so sir,"—returned his grandfather; "I understood you to say, that had there been a party of pleasure in view, or business to be transacted, you would have risen in season to attend to them, and in so doing you would have behaved with proper respect and attention to those with whom you had an appointment.—But as you were *only to meet your God* and render Him the appointed service, which is *less than His due*, you thought it quite immaterial, whether you rose or not, or

how the time were wasted. Is not this treating your Maker with far less respect and attention than you would think due in common civility to your fellow creatures; and is not this treating God and his commands contemptuously Mr. Francis?" Frank turned away conscience stricken, and Mr. Thornton as he reverentially turned over the sacred pages of a large Bible, called on little Emma to repeat the fourth Commandment; after which he read the 17th of Jeremiah. As he closed the sacred volume and took up the prayer-book, he again turned to Frank; you look hurt Francis," he said, "but are I suspect as much vexed at the reprimand you have received, as you are sorry for your fault.

"I should have been quite as penitent for my fault sir," replied Frank rather bluntly, "had I been reproved more privately."

"Perhaps so—but would you have remembered the crime you have committed as long as you are *now* likely to do?" asked his grand-father.

"Crime!" echoed Frank in displeasure, "*crime*, sir, is I think rather a harsh term for the mere fault of lying a-bed a little later than usual.

"How so? demanded Mr. Thornton, "you just now gave it as your opinion that sacrilege was a

greater crime than burglary, which by our laws is a *capital* offence." Did I misunderstand you, Francis ?"

"No sir—I certainly said, and I still think so," replied Frank honestly, yet with a dissatisfied air, he added, "but I think also that the severe reproof I have received might have been given privately."

"I see you are displeased with me Mr. Francis," said Mr. Thornton, "and as we are about to present our supplications to the Most High, I will endeavor to convince you that your displeasure is unjust—lest you should cherish resentful feelings in your heart, while you are asking God to forgive you, as you forgive others." I suppose," continued Mr. Thornton, "I suppose you admit that we ought, if possible, to make our very faults as well as our virtues, beneficial to others."

Frank bowed with a respectful, though not a pleased air.

"You will likewise allow that any error committed in presence of or with the knowledge of those over whom we have influence, is an injury to them.

"Certainly sir, an evil example is very injurious," said Frank.

"Well then," pursued Mr. Thornton, pleased to

discover that the straight-forward sincerity of Francis was neither to be awed nor seduced into the meanness of prevarication, "Well then," he said, "as the whole family have waited for you so long, you are aware that they cannot be ignorant of your fault. My duty to my household requires that I should endeavor, as much as in me lies, to prevent the injurious effects of your example. I therefore judged it right to make you atone as far as possible for your error, by bringing you to a candid confession of it, in their presence. You are, I am happy to perceive, usually honest and ingenuous and I expect a candid reply, when I ask you which of us is in fault, and whether I have acted right or not.

"Then sir, I acknowledge that you have done right," answered Frank, "and I likewise confess and ask pardon for my great fault."

"Ask it of *God*, Francis. It is *His* Sabbath you have profaned His laws you have broken, and not mine," rejoined Mr. Thornton, "I am glad however, that you are at last sensible of your fault."

"I am *thoroughly* ashamed of it, and sorry for it, and I can now thank you *from my heart*, I believe, for the lesson I have received; it will I hope make

me more careful through life, in observing the Sabbath," said Frank. "I hope sir, that you and the family will forgive the evil example I have set—but do not call me *Francis* again sir."

"I will not, my son. Sensible of your error you are our own *Frank* once more," replied Mr. Thornton, laying his hand affectionately on his head; on removing it, he once more took up the prayer-book. Turning from his grand-father, Francis met the affectionate smile of his aunt, who, as she rose from her chair to kneel before it, extended her hand to him. Frank could scarcely restrain his tears as he received these testimonies of affection from his friends, and reflected on the still more abundant goodness and loving-kindness of that beneficent Being before whom he now knelt, to supplicate forgiveness through the merits of the Redeemer.

When the family that morning assembled around the breakfast table, Mrs. Thornton was scarcely less surprised than her children to find the repast so different from what their morning meal had hitherto been. Cold bread and butter, ham, cheese, and radishes just taken from the garden, constituted the simple fare. After what had just passed, however, Mrs. Thornton and her elder chil-

dren were at no loss to account for the circumstance, and every one ate heartily without making any remark until little Emma inquired why there was neither toast nor hot muffins—and no fried ham, no eggs, or broiled fish.

"Because, my dear, it is Sunday," whispered Ellen.

"And is it wicked to eat toast, eggs, fish and muffins on Sunday?" asked the little girl, in spite of her sister's endeavors to silence her.

"Ellen, let the child speak, my dear," said her grand-father, and addressing Emma, he added, "No my dear, it is not wicked to eat any of the good things God gives us for food at any time, provided we do not abuse them; but what says the fourth commandment, my little girl?"

"I said it just now grand-papa—It is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—in it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant.

"There Emma, that is the reason we have nothing cooked to day that we can do without," said Mr. Thornton, "and is it not better to eat cold bread and meat once a week in these fine summer days, than to oblige poor Phillis and

Nancy to break God's commandment every Sabbath day."

"Is that the reason we have cold food, grand-papa?" inquired Edward, "but the tea and coffee are hot, grand-papa."

"Because we have no method of boiling them *without* heat, my dear," replied Mr. Thornton, "and cold drinks would be unhealthy—besides, it requires but a very few minutes to prepare them, and in summer we have nothing else cooked on the Sabbath."

"How strange, grand-papa," returned Edward, "I thought every body *must* cook dinner—*always*.

"I used to think so too Ned, until your excellent grand-mother taught me better," replied Mr. Thornton, "for it was not till my marriage that I discovered that a cold collation might be endured once a week. My pious wife considered all *unnecessary* labor on the Sabbath *sinful*, and since that inestimable friend was taken from me, her daughter and myself take pleasure in adhering to all her regulations, and our servants reap the benefit of it. In winter our rule is, to have only one plain dish on the Sabbath, which the servants cook in rotation, sometimes Mrs. Guthrie and even my daughter herself, will considerately take the

task upon them, and by this method one member only of the family is detained from public worship. Our servants share equally with ourselves the privileges of public ordinances, and if they neglect them, the fault is their own."

"Grand-papa is very droll!" exclaimed little Emma; but then I am sure I shall want something for dinner, for I am always hungry after church."

"We shall manage to have a dinner prepared for you my dear, said her aunt, "and I doubt not you will make a hearty meal."

"You make me feel sir, that I have myself been guilty of a sinful neglect of the Sabbath," said Mrs. Thornton, after a thoughtful pause. "It was almost impracticable before my irreparable loss, for us to have observed it as strictly as you do, as a military officer has but little time at his own disposal—and since my widowhood I have I fear, indulged my grief to the neglect of many of my duties. It is in a great measure owing to this negligence on my part that my children are not more observant of the Sabbath."

"Oh no mamma, I am sure you are always telling us what would have displeased papa," cried Ellen, "and how he would have grieved to see us doing wrong.

"The fault is not yours, mother," said Frank, "we all know that you disapprove our neglect of the Sabbath and are always strict in observing it yourself."

"A sort of *half-way* observance Frank, and your grand-father has now taught us both the duty of sanctifying the *whole* Sabbath. I think Alfred we must have new regulations in the family when we return, and I shall depend on you and your brother to assist me in enforcing them," added Mrs. Thornton.

"We shall all of us endeavor to do what you desire madam," replied Alfred, whom as her eldest son, his mother now considered the master of her establishment.

"I think Emma I never saw you eat so hearty a breakfast, said Frank; I think you cannot want another radish.

"I think I can brother," replied Emma, "they are so nice—I like grandpapa's Sunday breakfasts best of all I think."

"You have given incontestible proofs of your approbation, my little girl," said her mother, smiling.

When Emma had at length finished her repast, Miss Katie rose, saying, "I invite as many of you

as are disposed to go, to attend me to the Episcopal Church Sabbath School, of which I am a teacher and must of course attend to my duty."

The young people gladly acceded to the proposal, but Mrs. Thornton having promised to accompany Mrs. Hardy to the "Union Sabbath School" previous to the afternoon service, declined her sister's invitation lest she should be too much fatigued to fulfil that engagement. The children were very much pleased with the Sunday School to which their aunt conducted them, as well on account of the orderly behavior of the scholars, as the excellent management of the teachers. On entering church with her father-in-law, Mrs. Thornton found Miss Katie already seated in her father's pew with her young relatives. The Episcopal, called the "Trinity Church" of Newport, though without pretensions to magnificence was until recently the most elegant place of public worship in Newport. The worship of God, according to the ritual of the Church of England was here established in 1706, by the "Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts." This was the only church respected by the English, while in possession of the place during the revolution. As "the pealing anthem swelled the note

of praise," the eyes of our young strangers were simultaneously directed toward the fine organ whose deep and solemn tones filled the sanctuary, and their attention was attracted to the inscription beneath it which ran thus:—

"The Gift of George Berkely
late Lord Bishop of Cloyne."

Mr. Thornton remained a short time after service, to give his grand-children an opportunity of examining the church and several handsome monuments that are placed upon its walls, after which they visited the burial ground on the north side of the church, where Mr. Thornton pointed out the tomb of the French Admiral De Ternay, who died while the fleet and army of the unfortunate Lewis Sixteenth of France, were at Newport. The tomb was sent over by that King, and is said to have once been of black marble, and the epitaph of the Admiral inscribed in letters of gold, but as it was placed outside of the church, its exposure to the inclemencies of half a century of winters has utterly despoiled it of its splendor. On their return home the apprehensions of little Emma concerning her dinner were happily relieved, by the appearance of the table already spread with an excellent cold collation, consisting of pigeon, pastry,

tongue, ham and lobsters, which, with a dessert of pastry and fruit constituted their dinner. As they were rising from table, Col. and Mrs. Hardy with their accustomed punctuality, appeared to attend Mrs. Thornton and her children to the Union Sabbath School which is kept at the house of the Free School, and consists of about six hundred children of all denominations, who are there instructed in the "first principles of the Oracles of God," by a competent number of teachers under the direction of a superintendant. Here Mrs. Thornton and her family listened with much interest to the exercises until the ringing of the bells summoned them to public worship, when they were conducted by the Colonel to the second Congregational church, a neat and plain edifice where the services were conducted in the usually unostentatious and devout manner. When the congregation dispersed Mrs. Hardy, who disapproved of sunday visiting, took leave of her friends and repaired with her family to the barge that waited to convey them back to Fort Wolcott, and Mr. Thornton's family proceeded homeward. Passing, as they did so, the First Congregational church,* and

* This church has been since purchased and modernized by a Society of Unitarians, recently established under the auspices of

finding the assembly had just dispersed Mr. Thornton allowed them to enter and examine it as they could now do so without inconvenience to themselves or others. They found it, notwithstanding the dilapidated appearance of its exterior, internally neat and rather pretty. The first Congregational church at Newport was founded in 1720, and the Rev. Nathaniel Clapp ordained its first pastor. That eminent divine, the late Dr. Samuel Hopkins was many years the pastor of this church, from which he was at length removed by death, and lies interred in the burying ground adjacent. Out of this church in 1728 the second Congregational church was formed, of which Dr. Ezra Styles, (afterwards President of Yale College, Connecticut) was for more than thirty years the pastor. Since the visit of the young Thorntons to Newport these two churches have again united and now form "the United Congregational Church" of Newport.

"Grand-papa," said Edward, "you said that all the churches of Newport were used as hospitals

Dr. Channing," and the two Congregational churches, after a separate existence of more than a century were again united under the pastoral care of the Rev. H. A. Dumont, in June 1834, having erected a new place of worship called the Spring Street Church.

by the British garrison except the Episcopal. Was this one a hospital?" he asked, as he looked almost incredulously around the interior of the First Congregational church where they were standing.

"Yes my dear, this and all our churches except Trinity, were dismantled of their pews which were burned for fuel, and robbed of their bells which were converted into ship-bells for their fleet, and perhaps even the shells of the churches would not have escaped had they not required them for hospitals for the troops."

"Was not that doing sacrilege, grand-papa," asked Edward.

"Say, *committing* sacrilege," whispered Frank.

"Committing sacrilege," repeated the docile child.

"Certainly my dear," replied Mr. Thornton, "since these churches had all been consecrated to the Most High God whom we all profess to worship, though after a different ritual. I remember well," continued Mr. Thornton, "having been terrified by the groans of the poor soldiers under the tortures of amputation, while this was a hospital."

"What is amputation, Frank?" asked Edward in a whisper.

"The cutting off a limb," replied Frank in the same tone, and immediately asking aloud, "You were in Newport, then, sir?"

"Yes, we remained here through the war; my father having large estates here which he could not afford to relinquish. I recollect too that having wandered from home about dusk one evening, I saw, as I was running back, the body of a dead soldier borne from the hospital—that is, this meeting house, to be buried in the adjoining field. I was but a little fellow, and the recollection of that corpse extended on a board which was its only coffin, with a blanket thrown over it, haunted my young imagination for months afterward."

"How wicked to make hospitals of churches, and cut off people's limbs in them!" exclaimed little Emma.

"It was rather worse to destroy them utterly, as was their usual practice," replied the old gentleman; "but they committed a laughable mistake at Bristol, where, instead of burning the Presbyterian church, they actually set fire to, and destroyed the *Episcopal*, which alone they meant to have spared."

"How I do hate those ugly English, who were so fond of burning and spoiling every thing!" exclaimed Edward.

"My dear! my dear!" cried his mother, reproachfully, "you forget what you have been taught in the sanctuary you just now left, 'to forgive your enemies, and pray for those that despitefully use you."

"Then mamma, I am sure, we ought to pray a great—*great* deal for the English," answered Ned, "for they used us despitefully *with a vengeance.*"

"It remains our duty to forgive them, notwithstanding," said his mother, "and we are forbidden to cherish vindictive feelings."

"Well! I will *try* to forgive them, mother," said Edward: "for I suppose they are nearly all *dead* before this time, and their children could not help what *they* did."

"Could not *prevent* it, you mean," said Mrs. Thornton.

"But grand-papa, did you not have a very bad time, while they were here? Did they let you have any thing to eat, sir?" asked Emma.

"We could not have lived entirely without sustenance, my dear. But we were often reduced to great straits—being obliged to satisfy our hunger with the meanest, coarsest, and not unfrequently the most loathsome food. I have often dined on horse-flesh, and that half putrid. But we will talk

of all this to-morrow—we have all been forgetting that to-day is the Sabbath." This conversation had brought them to their own door which they now entered. While taking tea Frank expressed a wish to attend the lecture which Mrs. Guthrie said was to be preached that evening in the first Baptist church, and Mr. Thornton acceding to the proposal, again quitted the house attended by his grand-sons and repaired to that church. This is the oldest church in Newport, having been founded in 1644 by Mr. John Clarke and others of his persuasion. It was a plain unpretending edifice at that time, but has recently been repaired and modernized. It has, however, neither bell, steeple nor organ. Here they heard an edifying though plain discourse. When the assembly was dismissed, as it was a fine moon-light evening, the boys were very desirous of walking to the Quaker-Meeting-House which was founded in 1700; but as it was situated at a great distance and in a direction different from that which conducted to his own house, Mr. Thornton objected, and they once more returned home.

CHAPTER VI.

A Rhode-Island fog—Song of the Gaspee, Lilly Pond—Funeral of Perry—Mrs. Guthrie's recollections of the Revolution.

As they had anticipated much pleasure in visiting White-hall, the seat of the late celebrated Dean Berkely, and Overing house, where the English General Prescot was captured during the Revolution, by the intrepid Col. Barton, it was with no little disappointment that on rising the next morning the young Thorntons found themselves enveloped in a fog, so dense that they could scarcely discern the nearest houses in the vicinity. Frank especially was exceedingly chagrined, and declared that a single glance from the window was enough to give one the vapors for life. Many people passed the house closely muffled in coats and cloaks, who, Mr. Thornton assured him were strangers, Newport being thronged in the summer with people from all parts of the Union and even from the West-Indies, who repair thither to

enjoy the delicious sea-breezes and salubrious climate for which this island is so celebrated.

"If this be one of the delights of a Rhode-Island summer," said Frank, petulantly, "the good people of Newport are heartily welcome to the entire enjoyment of it."

"And we *do* enjoy it," said Mr. Thornton, laughing at his peevishness: "for disagreeable as it may be to the feelings of such *dainty* gentlemen as Mr. Frank Thornton, we know that we are in a great measure indebted to these very fogs for the purity and salubrity of our climate. Mr. Stewart, the celebrated traveller, who passed many summers on our island, was wont to enjoy these fogs as if he had been a native. He used to call them 'the broom' that swept our atmosphere clean, and I cannot help thinking that his opinion was as well deserving to be relied on, as that of the sapient Mr. Frank Thornton. There is no fear of taking cold from our fogs—and we only laugh to see strangers shrink within doors, and foolishly shun what would only do them good."

"Do them good, sir!" echoed Frank, "why it is as bad as rain! See, how heavily the drops hang on the window sashes and blinds."

"Very good," said his grand-father, amused by his pettishness.

"Very *good* sir!" reiterated Frank once more, "I think it very *disagreeable* and cannot understand how you can avoid catching cold. Why, the very furniture within doors is damp to the touch."

"Very true, Mr. Francis—it *does* feel as if it had been lying some days under water to be sure, and all our brass latches, grates and utensils are turned green, and if the furniture be not wiped and rubbed often enough, you will perhaps see it soon covered with a thin 'blue mould,' as we call it. But what then, Mr. Francis?" added his grand-father, mischievously, "the sun will shine out again in a week or two, and the brasses with a little rubbing will be as brilliant as ever."

"A week or two!" repeated Frank in dismay. Mercy on us! are we to be drenched a *week*—a whole week in such a fog as this, sir?"

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Thornton, composedly. "Once upon a time as all my family can remember, we saw the sun only *once* in three weeks and yet young gentleman, we were all alive and merry at the end of them."

"Then," cried poor Frank, "we may make up

our minds I suppose, to be shut up in the house as long as we stay."

"By no means," replied Mr. Thornton, "at least *I* shall not consent to imprison myself, when there is nothing to prevent my going out."

"Nothing to prevent it, sir," cried Frank, "I thought we had been obliged to give up our projected excursion because it was too foggy for going out."

"Too foggy for riding, I grant you—but only because we can see nothing," rejoined his grandfather.

"And is there really no danger of getting one's *death-cold* in such a fog?"

"Yes, if you are a consumptive, no climate can be worse. Consumptives have no business here—our climate is too humid, and invariably proves fatal to those languishing under that disease who are unwise enough to come hither," said Mr. Thornton; "but as I am now going for my morning's walk, I need not assure you that I do not fear taking a death-cold from a sea-fog—though I should be very unwilling to make the experiment in a land-fog. We wrap not up for this, and think it savors not a little of affectation in these female strangers and dandies to muffle themselves in fur

in mid-summer. Why, it is equal to a sea-bath, Frank—out with you, and try it." Frank cast a rueful glance at the window, and begged to be excused. Alfred, also, being deeply engaged with his aunt's well-stored port-folios, Mr. Thornton took his cane and sauntered out alone. The ladies being engaged with their needles, Frank left them to pursue their desultory conversation by themselves, and sought amusement amongst his aunt's common-place books, where he discovered at length, what he considered an interesting curiosity.

"What is it, that delights you so much?" asked Miss Katie.

"Something which I intend to beg of you, aunt," replied Frank; "will you promise to give it me?"

"No, I make no promises blindfold," returned his aunt; "but tell me what it is you are so desirous to possess, and possibly you may obtain it."

"It is only this old Gaspee song," replied Frank, holding it up.

"A *Gaspee* song," is the Gaspee one of the *dead languages* as you call them, brother?" A burst of laughter followed poor Edward's blunder, and when it subsided Miss Katie, pitying the little fellow's confusion, said, "Never mind, Edward—

older people than you who never heard the word before, and do not know the names of the dead languages might have asked the same question."

Mrs. Thornton requested Frank to explain his meaning to the child, and afterwards to read the story.

"I shall best explain the matter by reading it, I believe," said Frank, "and really, mother the thing is quite a curiosity," he then unfolded the piece, which appeared to have been cut from an old newspaper and read as follows:—

"THE OLDEN TIME.

Among the papers of the late Hon. Theodore Foster, has been found the printed copy of the following song—commemorating the first act of resistance to the shedding of blood that marked the American Revolution: we mean the burning of the King's Cutter, the Gaspee, at Naquit Point in Narragansett Bay. The song was composed on that occasion, by whom we cannot learn, and was hummed and trummed 'all about the town.' It is worth preserving as a memorial of the spirit of the times. It breathes rebellion throughout, and must have been regarded as almost treason by his Majesty's *faithful subjects*,

who were striving to earn the praise of loyalty and the three thousand pounds by detecting the bold burners of the Gaspee.

"NEW SONG CALLED THE GASPEE.*

"'Twas in the reign of George the Third,
The public peace was much disturb'd,
By ships of war that came and laid,
Within our ports to stop our trade.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-two,
In Newport harbor lay a crew
That play'd the parts of pirates there,
The sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they'd weigh, and give them chase,
Such actions, sure were very base!—
No honest coasters could pass by,
But what they would let some shot fly.

Which did provoke to high degree
Those true-born Sons of Liberty,—
So that they could no longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there.

It was not long, ere it fell out
That William Duddingston, so stout,

* See Note IV. at the end of the volume.

Commander of the Gaspee tender,
Which he has reason to remember.—

Because, as people do assert,
He almost met his just desert;
Here on the twelfth* day of last June,
Between the hours of twelve and one—

Did chase the sloop called the Hannah,
Of which one Lindsay was commander—
They dogg'd her up Providence Sound,
And there the rascals got aground.

The news of it flew that very day,
That they on Naquit Point did lay;—
That night, about half after ten,
Some Narragansett Indian-men,

Being sixty-four, if I remember,
Soon made this stout coxcomb surrender—
And what was best of all their tricks,
In him a ball too they did fix—

Then set the men upon the land
And burnt her up, we understand—
Which thing provok'd the king so high,
He said those men should surely die.

So if he can but find them out,
King George has offered very stout

* Historians say the 9th of June.

One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddingston.

One thousand more, he says he'll spare
To those who say they Sheriffs were—
One thousand more there doth remain
For to find out the *leader's* name.

Likewise one hundred pound per man,
For any one of all the clan;
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out one of these hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty fold."

"Exquisite!" cried Alfred, ironically, as his brother ceased reading. "I wonder if the music to which it was set were as elegant and sublime as the poetry of the song."

"I care little about that," returned Frank; "but if aunt Katie will give it me, I shall prize it more than the most elegant modern song I ever heard."

"You may have it Frank," said his aunt, "and if I had the air to which it was sung I would bestow it upon Alfred."

"Then it was not altogether an original idea of the Bostonians, the disguising themselves as Indians, when they made as Job Pray says, 'a big tea-pot of Boston harbor,'" said Ellen.

"So it appears," returned Miss Katie, "but *apropos* of Job Pray, what think you, sister of its author's description of Newport, as contained in the Red Rover?"

"That he intended to give us a portrait of Newport *prior* to the Revolution," said Mrs. Thornton: "for it certainly is not the Newport of the present day."

"Still less does it resemble the Newport of the olden time," rejoined Miss Thornton, "if what historians, and our aged people tell us be true, that Newport was then a far more wealthy, commercial, flourishing and important place than it ever has been since, or probably ever will be again. That it was much larger and more populous than now is very certain—as its inhabitants amounted to more than twelve thousand—and the number of dwelling houses destroyed by the British to nine hundred*—only one hundred less than they left standing—to say nothing of the manufactories, wharves and warehouses they demolished. I certainly do not mean to set up for a critic continued Miss Katie smiling, "but although I have passed my life in Newport, I assure you I did

* Dr. W——house's statement.

not recognize my native place when I met with it in the Red Rover."

The conversation was here interrupted by Alfred, who, placing two drawings before his aunt, said, "After bestowing the Gaspee song on Francis you will not refuse to give me these, aunt Katie, lest I accuse you of partiality. It is a view of Lily Pond."

"Take it, Alfred," replied Miss Katie, "the rather, because if the fog continues you cannot enjoy the walk thither which I intended to propose for this afternoon—since your mother will not be persuaded, I find, to prolong her visit beyond the week."

"I need not assure you that I would do so with pleasure, Catharine, were it not for my repugnance to a longer suspension of my son's studies. Next year, however, we will avail ourselves of the college vacation when we can remain with you longer," said Mrs. Thornton; "but let me see the sketch Alfred. I have heard several of the ladies here speak of the beauties of Lily Pond."

"There is no walk around the environs of Newport, that I think more agreeable than that which conducts to Lily Pond, "observed Miss Thornton." It is a retired and beautiful spot; in

the early part of summer especially, the scenery is delightful. The rocky promontory of which I have there attempted a humble imitation, being then carpeted with an innumerable variety of field flowers and completely fringed with wild roses—while the surface of the little lake is nearly covered with beautiful water-lilies both blue and white, from the great profusion of which, the place takes its name. The air at this season is literally "redolent of sweets," while numerous singing birds and water-fowl enliven the scene with their rich plumage and varied melody."

"Really aunt Katie," cried Ellen "such a description is little calculated to reconcile us to remaining within doors. "I depend on the fog to do that," returned Miss Thornton, "but Lily Pond is in fact my favourite haunt."

"But you have not yet told me that I should have this other drawing, my dear aunt," exclaimed Alfred. "Do not refuse me this. I should so much like to show it my friends at home. It is the funeral car of the hero of Erie, dear mother."

"Yes Katie, pray give us this," said Mrs. Thornton eagerly, extending her hand to receive it. "It will be indeed a prize to us, who have never before seen a drawing of it."

"Certainly," replied her sister "and the sketch is a correct one I believe, though roughly done. Is there not a description attached to the drawing, Alfred? I think I remember cutting it from the newspaper."

"Read it aloud my son," said Mrs. Thornton; "every thing that relates to Perry must be interesting to all true-hearted Americans."

"It is a description of the funeral ceremonies I believe," replied Alfred, and seating himself he commenced reading aloud.

FROM THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

"The remains of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, brought hither by order of Government in the U. S. Ship Lexington, Captain Shubrick, from the Island of Trinidad, were re-interred in this town on Monday Dec. 4th 1826, in a manner appropriate to his worth and expressive of the affectionate remembrance entertained of him by his fellow-citizens of the town and State.—At ten o'clock His Excellency, Governor Fenner and Major General Carpenter, accompanied by their aids, arrived from Providence attended by a number of civil and military officers and respectable citizens from the north and middle counties of the State,

and by six independent military companies from Providence and Pawtucket. Two independent companies from Bristol arrived at the same hour. A number of naval officers from New York and Boston were likewise present. The procession of boats bearing the remains of the commodore, attended by the officers and a detachment of seamen from the ship, reached Clarke's Wharf at half past 11 o'clock, where the marine procession was met by the Committee of Arrangements, and the remains of the hero received by the United States' troops and marines, united in one corps for the service; when the coffin being borne from the boat was placed on the car constructed for the occasion, which was emblematically ornamented and drawn by four white horses—the car, canopy and plumes being all of black. The coffin was covered with an ensign on which was placed the naval hat and epaulettes of the deceased, together with the sword which had been presented to the hero by the city of Philadelphia in honor of his victory. At twelve the procession began to move in the following order:—

Three marshals abreast on horseback.

The military escort consisting of ten companies

in complete uniforms, with arms reversed, drums muffled and colors furled.

The Garde de Corps consisting of U. S. troops and marines.

The Reverend Clergy of different denominations.

Officiating Clergyman.

Eight U. S. seamen as Under-bearers, and one seaman bearing a broad pendant furled.

Captains Kearny, Chauncey Crane.	The Remains with six Captains Commandant, as Pall Bearers.	Captains Turner, Shubrick, Creighton.

Relatives of the deceased Hero.

Committee of Arrangements and Marshals.

U. S. seaman bearing an ensign supported by two others.

Officers of the U. S. navy.

U. S. seamen, four abreast.

Officers of the army.

Militia of the State and vicinity in uniform.

State Sheriffs and Deputies.

Banner of Rhode Island, borne by a Revolutionary soldier.

Governor and Lieut. Governor of the State, attended by their Aids.

Members of the Senate of Rhode Island.

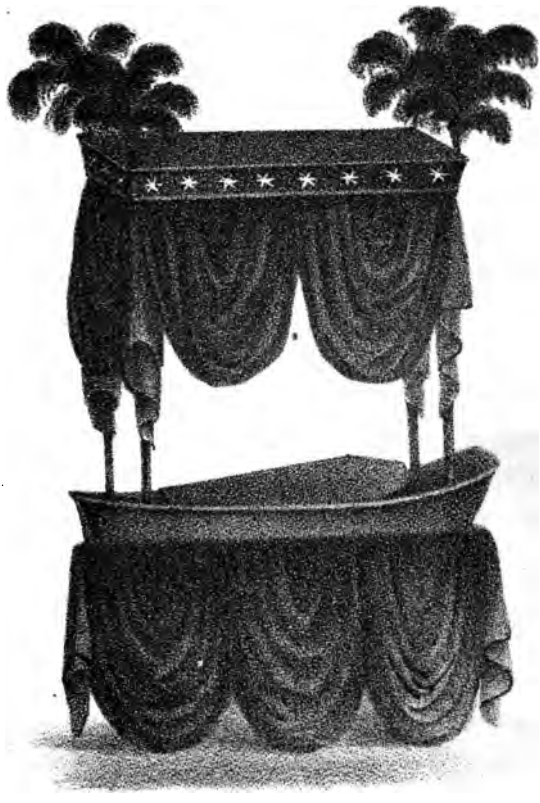
General officers of the State.

Members of the House of Representatives.
Society of the Cincinnati.
Marine Society of Newport.
Town Council, Treasurer and Clerk, preceded by the Town Sergeant.
Judges of the State Courts.
Marshal of the District of Rhode Island, and Deputies.
District Judge, Attorney, Clerk.
Custom House Officers.
Foreign Consuls.
Citizens and Strangers, supported by Marshals.

When the head of the procession reached the place of interment the escort opened to the right and left, and the procession passed through the lines to the grave—the troops then formed themselves into a hollow square around. After the funeral services had been performed three vollies were fired over the grave. Minute guns were fired by the Lexington frigate during the procession of boats to the shore—when the ship ceased, and the firing commenced at Fort Wolcott. Half-hour guns were fired by the revenue cutter from sunrise to sunset, and the bells of all the churches continued tolling during the solemnities. The

colors of all the vessels and the standards at the forts were displayed at half-mast through the day. An immense concourse of citizens and strangers lined the streets, and the windows were crowded with female faces whose tears testified their deep interest in the solemnities. No error or confusion occurred to mar the decent order of arrangement—no noise to disturb the solemn service for the dead.———The funeral solemnities are allowed to have been the most imposing and affecting ever witnessed in this State, and far exceeded in solemnity the funeral ceremonies of the French admiral who was interred here in 1780.

The funeral car on which the remains of the much lamented "Hero of Erie" were conveyed to their interment, having been universally admired deserves a particular description. It was designed by, and constructed under the direction of a gentleman of this town. It was made to resemble as nearly as possible the boat, or gig, in which the gallant Perry left his sinking ship, during the battle of Erie—painted black and elevated on carriage wheels. On its stern appeared the name of the flag-ship "Lawrence," with thirteen stars above it, and standing on a globe at the prow a golden spread eagle. The car was surmounted



Funeral Car of the Hero of Erie.
Interred at Newport 1826

by a canopy supported by four ornamented pillars, the whole covered with black velvet richly fringed. Twenty-four golden stars around the top of the canopy represented the several States. The canopy was ornamented with rich sable plumes."

Newport Mercury, Dec. 26th, 1826.

Turning the paper as he finished reading, Alfred discovered some printed verses which he had not before observed. "These lines are beautiful," he said. "I never saw them before. 'Will you give me these likewise, aunt Katie?"

"Alfred, you are unconscionable," said his mother, laughing, as Miss Katie with her wonted readiness to oblige, granted his request. "But let us hear the lines my son," added Mrs. Thornton, and in compliance with her request Alfred read the following beautiful

"LINES,"

"On the removal of the remains of Commodore O. H. Perry, "the Hero of Erie," from the Island of Trinidad, to be interred in his native town of Newport, R. I.

(FROM THE NORFOLK HERALD.)

LINES.

Tis well—tis right! he should not sleep
Upon a foreign strand,
Beyond the wild and mournful deep,
But in his native land.

His native land, that boasts his birth,
And cherishes the fame,
Of one whose high heroic worth
Does honor to her name.

Nor should that city, fond as fair,
Embrace him all alone,
But it should be Columbia's care
To claim him for her own.

And she should lay her warrior down
By Erie's conscious wave;
The shore that witness'd his renown
Would yield him fittest grave.

There set the stone—let laurels grow
Around it—fairest flowers,
And grave these words—"We've met the foe."
What else?—"and they are ours."

"Are they not beautiful?" exclaimed Alfred. "Do you know the author, aunt Katie?"

"No," replied his aunt "they appeared anonymously—but where are you going sister?"

"To look for my children," answered Mrs. Thornton, who had for some time been growing uneasy at their prolonged absence, and who now left the room to seek them. Miss Katie and Ellen followed her, leaving the young gentlemen to themselves. Mrs. Thornton's disquietude was quickly dispelled by finding the children with Mrs. Guthrie, who was regaling them with pastry and sweetmeats in her own apartment. Edward was seated on the centre of the carpet diligently employed in scooping the contents of a minced pie from its crust, while Emma, resting with both elbows on the lap of Mrs. Guthrie, and with her soft blue eyes fixed on the venerable countenance of the worthy matron, was forgetting her sweetmeats in the intensity of interest with which she was listening to "the pretty stories of old times," as she called the anecdotes which the old lady was relating of the Revolution.

"Oh sister Ellen, are you not glad that we did not live in those dreadful times, when the first people of Newport were glad to get a piece of horse-meat to eat?" cried Edward, as he shovelled diligently away at the pie he was disembowelling.

"Oh mamma," cried Emma, springing to meet her fond parent, "Mrs. Guthrie says that the Eng-

lish used to take away peoples' cows and sheep for their own dinner, and would only let the Americans have such things as were too bad for their own troops to eat. And Mrs. Guthrie's father was obliged to keep his cow in the house in a little bed-room for fear the English soldiers would steal her; and mamma, he had to make a garden in his parlor chamber, because they robbed him of all he could raise in his garden. So he carried earth up stairs and covered his floor a foot deep, and planted it for a garden."*

"And they used to carry off peoples' papas and brothers to prison just when they pleased mother," said Edward. "And one day when Mrs. Guthrie was going along she met a file of soldiers carrying her own brother to the prison of the provost, just for nothing at all only to plague them because he was an American; and when Mrs. Guthrie cried and begged to speak to him and to kiss him once more, they pointed their bayonets at her and drove her away."

"And one night mamma, added Emma," when an honest farmer was standing at his own door, some of the soldiers fired at him for a mark and

* A fact.

shot him dead, just for fun. Mrs. Guthrie says his name was Martin, and he lived at Canonicut; and there is Canonicut, mamma—that pretty green island behind Fort Wolcott," continued the little girl, pointing from a window that opened to the west.

"Do tell mamma about it, if you please Mrs. Guthrie," cried Edward; "tell her how the British commanders Wallis and Askew used to frighten the people by drawing up their fleet to fire upon the town, when every body was obliged to run into the cellars to get away from the cannon balls. It is a very pretty story mamma, and every word of it *true*."

"Oh, but sister," cried Emma, "the great Count Rochambeau used to wear a muff, just as the ladies do, you know—a great black muff; only think how droll! a man with a muff! And when he rode sometimes parading his troops, he had running footmen, all dressed in white with beautiful plumes nodding in their caps, to run before his horse. How I wish that time would come back again that I might see him.

"But that was after the French and Americans had driven the British away," interrupted Edward, "and that was a *good* time mamma, and a great

many grand balls and dinners were given by the ladies and gentlemen of Newport and the officers of the American and French armies.

"And Mrs. Guthrie was a little girl then mamma, and some of the Frenchmen used to give her nice cakes, pies and sweetmeats, and sugar-plums, because the French are very fond of children," said Emma.

"Well but they are the drollest men for all that, mamma," cried Edward, for when they met their friends in the street they used to stop and kiss each other on both cheeks, as we Americans shake hands when we are glad to see each other. How funny it must look mamma? Just as if grand-papa and old Major Kingston should kiss one another when they meet! How I *wish they would*, it would look so droll!" added Edward. "Don't you think the French have queer ways, mamma?"

"By no means, my dear, our customs would appear as singular to many other nations as theirs do to us," said Mrs. Thornton, for the first time obtaining an opportunity to speak.

"But mamma, Mrs. Guthrie has been telling us a pretty story about some Indian tribes, who came here to pay a visit to the great Generals Washington and Rochambeau," said Edward, "and they

had a mock fight and cried the war-whoop to show those great men their fashion of fighting; and their bodies were painted all over, mamma, like the ancient Britons you know; and they wore only blankets instead of clothes; and besides the medals of silver with Washington upon them, which they all wear, they had rings in their noses and ears, and thimbles which somebody had given them they wore for ornaments on their toes! O dear! I am sure I should have killed myself with laughing if I had seen them."

"But, mamma, I do like those French people who helped us beat the naughty English," cried little Emma.

"Nay, the English were not half so bad as the Hessians sister," returned Edward, as he resumed his employment with the remains of his pie, "for Mrs. Guthrie says they tried to do us harm every way. Why, mamma, a Hessian woman took pains to give the small-pox to Mrs. Guthrie's little sister, on purpose to destroy the family, and then the poor little baby was obliged to be carried out of town, and when it died in its poor mother's arms no living creature was with her—and when they found out it was dead, they came with a wheel-barrow, and it was carried off without any

coffin at all, and put into a hole in the ground, just as if it were a little dead kitten. Don't you think its poor mother must have felt very bad, mamma?"

"Very bad indeed," replied Mrs. Thornton, when the children had thus talked themselves out of breath. "But since Mrs. Guthrie has been so indulgent to you, you must not kill her with so much noise. Thank her for the amusing stories she has told you, and come away with me, or I am afraid she will never be desirous of your company again."

Having obeyed her instructions, the children were now conducted to another apartment, inquiring of their aunt in a whisper, as they went, "if all the pretty stories Mrs. Guthrie had told them were *true*?"*

"Certainly," answered Miss Katie, "Mrs. Guthrie is too good a woman to deceive any one. You may rest assured that she has not told you a word more than the truth."

Mr. Thornton soon after returned, and dinner was served. During the repast, after a heavy

* The Revolutionary incidents related as from Mrs. Guthrie, are strictly true, and have been taken down verbatim from the lips of respectable people, who were sufferers and witnesses of them all.

shower of rain, the fog dispersed and the weather became delicious. The ground however being completely saturated, was too damp to admit of walking, and the remainder of the day was passed at home."

CHAPTER VII.

Visits—A dinner party—The young traveller and fat gentleman—Conversation respecting Newport—Its eminent characters—Excursion to Overing House and White-hall—Anecdote of Dean Berkeley, &c.

THE following day being extremely fine, and also the last which they now expected to pass in Newport, Mrs. Thornton devoted the morning to the paying of farewell visits to the friends of the family—a circle which, though not very extensive, comprised the best society of Newport. Company being expected at dinner, and Mr. Thornton never allowing of the slightest deviation from his old-fashioned dinner hour of one o'clock, the ladies' visits were necessarily short, from which, however, Mrs. Thornton derived so much satisfaction as made her regret the shortness of her stay, which prevented her from cultivating the many agreeable acquaintances she had formed. Most of the ladies she called on were found occupied at their needles,

but instead of hurrying their work aside as if they had been detected in something disgraceful, they generally, with a slight apology, quietly pursued their employment, while with unaffected politeness, and a friendliness of manner that charmed her, they received and entertained their visitors. The simplicity of their dress, was also another charm in the eyes of so judicious an observer. In no instance could she discover a sacrifice of delicacy to fashion, or an effort to appear *fine*—the dress being generally a gown of gingham, or at most of snow white cambric, fitted closely to the form, without pretension to ornament of any kind. The non-appearance of a mamma or sister, was in more than one instance accounted for by the simple statement, that she was making cake, or "starching her caps;" and Mrs. Thornton, who had always moved amongst the fashionable circles of a luxurious metropolis, was scarcely more delighted with the attention of the *absentees* to their domestic duties, than with the ingenuousness of their apologists, who were superior to the silly, yet too common artifice of attempting to disguise what could only redound to their honor. The drawings, books and music that were scattered about the centre tables and apartments, in the mean-

time, evinced that a love of the fine arts, and the pursuits of literature were by no means incompatible with a strict attention to the avocations of domestic life, which is the sphere of woman's usefulness, and the province in which, however exalted her station, she ever shines the most.

In reply to the encomiums of Mrs. Thornton, on the manners and characters of the Newport ladies, to which Miss Katie listened for some time in silence, she at length replied, "Ah, my dear Elinor! you have seen the *bright* side of the picture *only*. There are, I grieve to say, some *would-be fashionables* among us, who, devoting their attention to the adornment of the casket have miserably neglected the jewel it contains. Those, however, who endeavor to supply the deficiencies of intellectual culture and solid worth, by an affectation of high *ton*, and an extravagance of exterior ornament, are comparatively few, and the evil may in every instance, I believe, be traced back to the misfortune of having been early deprived of maternal care, or other similar causes of a defective education. It is a mortifying fact, however, that some of our ladies *do* dress and live in a style far beyond their means. But there are exceptions to every rule, you know, and instead

of being surprised that such instances do sometimes occur, I only rejoice that they do not occur more frequently."

"But surely there are no such instances in *your* circle, my dear Katie—at least not among those whom we have visited to-day," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Certainly not," returned her sister: "for you have only visited among our intimate friends, and we neither maintain nor desire an intimacy with people whom we cannot respect or esteem. I seldom, therefore, extend my visits beyond the circle to which I was at first introduced by my beloved mother, who was a woman of superior intellect and education, and acknowledged worth. The circle of acquaintance and friends selected by such a person therefore as might be expected, comprises not the most wealthy, perhaps, but unquestionably the most virtuous and cultivated part of our community."

This conversation brought them to the door, but not until they had had the mortification of hearing the important hour of *one* knolled from every steeple in town. Accordingly on entering the house, they found their guests already assembled in the drawing-room. The party consisted of

Col. Hardy, his lady, and two other friends, and two strangers who had just arrived bringing letters of introduction to Mr. Thornton. One of them was a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners, who having recently returned from his travels in Europe, was now making the tour of the "Union." His companion, a fat, round-about gentleman, with a broad-good-natured, stupid kind of countenance, was a *traveller* likewise, *in his way*—being as he informed them, an annual visitant of Rhode-Island, where he usually passed the summer months, in order to indulge his European propensities in feasting on the "delicious fish," a vast variety of which is found at this season in the market. Frank and Alfred were extremely diverted by the rapturous manner in which the old gentleman (for he was considerably advanced in years,) expatiated on the exquisite flavor of a fine Totaug, than which he solemnly averred that "Lucullus himself could not have boasted a greater dainty, nor Apicius have invented more luxurious modes of dressing it than were practised by the ingenious epicures of Rhode-Island."

"The attention of the "fat gentleman" was, however, by no means confined to the highly

eulogized Totaug, but was divided with the most praise-worthy impartiality, and with seemingly equal good appetite among all the viands placed before him—while he at the same time favored the company with a somewhat prolix harangue on the peculiar merits of each dish, as he partook of it, effectually preventing all reference to other subjects by engrossing the conversation himself, until, with the disappearance of the more substantial condiments, his vivacity and volubility vanished also. That "the Newport market afforded more than seventy different kinds of exquisite fish" was the amount of information he had imparted, when on the appearance of the dessert, he relapsed at once into taciturnity, leaving his companions at liberty to discuss other matters, beside the "most approved method of dressing and eating fish." Mrs. Thornton, though she never countenanced invidious remarks on the failings of others, was not, on the whole, sorry to perceive the disgust with which her children had listened to this avowed votary of the "Gastronomic Art."

Mr. Thornton availed himself immediately of the first opportunity allowed him, of *drawing out*, as the phrase is, the interesting young traveller, from whom much information was now elicited,

relative to the civil and natural geography of the various countries he had visited. Being however as eager to acquire information as he was willing to impart it, the young stranger soon changed the subject, and began making some pertinent inquiries respecting the once flourishing city of which he was now for the first time a visitant. "He had been struck," he said, "by the appearance of decay, which pervaded a great part of the place, at which he was the more surprised on account of the unrivalled natural advantages it possessed in favor of extensive commerce; and the great influx of strangers who annually resort to the place in pursuit of health, and for the enjoyment of its salubrious climate," and he inquired to what cause Mr. Thornton attributed its decline.

"Many causes had combined to produce the melancholy change," Mr. Thornton replied, adding:—"No city in the provinces, perhaps, having suffered more from the desolations of war during the Revolution. At the termination of that war, however, it was incorporated, and governed in a very respectable manner, by its Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council: but all this was too good to be *lasting*. Party-spirit rose to a great

height, and public fraud and paper-currency lent their pernicious aid to the total subversion of these beneficial regulations. Then came the Abolition of the Slave-trade," continued Mr. Thornton, "in which (to our shame be it spoken,) many of our commercial men were deeply engaged. The Legislature passed a law, prohibiting ships from going to Africa for slaves, or selling them in the West-Indies, and making the oath of one seaman, belonging to such ship, a sufficient evidence of the fact. And however humanity must ever applaud and rejoice at such an Act, it must be acknowledged that our commercial interests have suffered severely in consequence of it."

"But," observed the young stranger, "the resort of so many strangers to your town must put much money in circulation."

"Unquestionably," returned Mr. Thornton, "and the proprietors of our large hotels and private boarding-houses, obtain a handsome remuneration for the accommodations they provide. Our confectioners, barbers, soda-shops, and bowling-alleys, likewise thrive by them. But, sir," continued Mr. Thornton, waxing warm on the subject, "though it is advantageous to individuals, I am by no means certain, that to the community at

large, this influx of strangers to our town is so very beneficial."

"In what possible way, my dear sir, can it operate otherwise?" asked Col. Hardy.

"Why, sir, they bring money and gaiety to our town, it is true," rejoined Mr. Thornton: "but they have also introduced among us, what, in the opinion of an old-fashioned man like me, is a very serious evil; I mean an expensive style of living, and a too great fondness for convivial entertainments. We are very apt to imbibe the habits and manners of those with whom we associate, you know, and as most of these strangers are men of opulence, accustomed to luxurious living, and as *none* of our community are immensely rich, I consider the intercourse which insensibly leads us to extravagance as rather detrimental than otherwise."

"But how does it happen, sir," enquired the young traveller, "that none of your gentlemen of fortune have turned their attention to manufactories? There are factories, I believe, in most of your other towns—why not make a manufacturing place of Newport?"

"I have often wondered that our men of wealth do not more frequently turn their capital into that channel, which would I think, be lucrative," re-

turned Mr. Thornton. "A large establishment was some years since got up for the manufacture of duck, but was soon relinquished. We have, however, three factories* recently erected, for the making of cotton cloth, and I see no obstacle to their success."

"Well!" exclaimed Col. Hardy, who having been long stationed at Newport, had become exceedingly attached to the place, "though I cannot avouch the people of this town to be the most commercial and manufacturing community in the country, I dare aver, that better and more well-informed society does not exist in America, than little Newport may boast of."

"Such is its reputation abroad, sir," replied a gentleman of Newport, who sat opposite, bowing across the table. "Whether it be merited or not we must leave others to decide."

"I rather think it *is* merited sir," exclaimed the fat gentleman, abruptly, "they are *good livers*—and I think their great skill in *cookery* proves them to be a very intelligent people."

This speech excited a general smile, for every one had supposed the good gentleman to be fast

* There are now several factories in successful operation here.

asleep a moment before he spoke, as he certainly was in two minutes after.

"They *feed* well, you should say, "returned Mr. Thornton, laughing; "but I fear we scarcely *live* as well as we might, and ought. I believe we must allow something too for my friend Hardy's partiality."

"Not a whit," interrupted the Col. warmly; "I do them bare *justice*.

"Well then, we will not dispute the point," returned Mr. Thornton, "but if we are a more literary, and in any respect a better informed people than some of our neighbors, it is because we have possessed superior advantages. Let us "give honor where honor is due;" our community are in the first place greatly indebted to the founder of the Redwood Library, which, as a certain elegant writer asserts,* "sowed the seeds of the sciences among us, and rendered the inhabitants of Newport, if not a more *learned*, yet a *better read* and more inquisitive people, than that of any other town in the *then* British Provinces" There is also another circumstance," continued Mr. Thornton, "which served to in-

* Dr. W——house of Boston.

ber of eminent and learned men, who at different periods have made our Island their permanent residence."

The young traveller making some inquiries respecting the eminent characters alluded to, drew from Mr. Thornton a hasty enumeration of the most celebrated men who had been born, nurtured, or who had resided at Newport.

He began with her heroes. "General Nathaniel Greene," he said, "who, as a military commander during the Revolution, ranked second only to Washington, was a native of Warwick, the capital of Kent county in this state, and resided many years with his family in this town. Oliver H. Perry, the Hero of Erie, one of the greatest naval commanders America ever produced, was born and educated in Newport, and here his remains having been brought from Trinidad were consigned to their last repose, Dec. 1826; a handsome monument has since been erected to his memory. Among the most eminent theologians were Dr. Arthur Browne, who was born and educated at Newport, and died President of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Samuel Hopkins the venerable founder of the sect of Hopkinsians, was a man of unfeigned piety and eminent metaphysical talents,

who passed most of his useful life at Newport, and died here pastor of the first Congregational church. Dr. Ezra Styles, thirty years pastor of the Second Congregational church at Newport, died President of Yale College in New Haven. Dean, afterwards Bishop Berkeley, resided at Newport and in its vicinity several years, and is supposed to have written most of his great work during that time. The Reverend John Callender, author of a history of Rhode-Island, and whose "Century Sermon" has acquired so much celebrity, was the pastor of a Baptist church in this place. The Rev. William E. Channing, D.D. of Boston, is likewise a native of Newport, as was his grand-father the late William Ellery, a Senator of the United States in the first Congress, and one of the signers of the Constitution. Mr. Abraham Redwood, founder of the public Library, though born at Antigua, resided here from early infancy. Mr. Harrison the architect of Redwood Library was also a resident of Newport. The celebrated pedestrian traveller, Stewart, passed much of his life here; and the late Baron Kinsale of Ireland, was a native of Newport.* Newport," continued Mr. Thornton, "has likewise produced some eminent medical men, among whom were the late Dr. Isaac Senter and Dr.

* Vide Note V. at the end of the volume.

William Hunter, who delivered in the Court-house in this town the first public Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology and Surgery ever given in America, and this previous to the existence of the Medical School at Philadelphia. In the Fine Arts Rhode Island has produced the celebrated Stewart. Edward Malbone a young artist of very promising talents, but who died a few years since, and Mr. Charles King, now a resident at Washington, were both born at Newport. Mr. Washington Allston, the celebrated poet and painter resided some years, and was if I mistake not educated at Newport—and we now boast Mr. Wall, the celebrated landscape painter, as a resident of our town; he is I believe a native of Ireland." The conversation in which the rest of the party had been much interested, was at this juncture interrupted by the abrupt departure of the "Fat Gentleman," which by reminding the other guests of their respective afternoon engagements occasioned the breaking up of the party. When all the guests with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, had taken leave, Mr. Thornton observing a bank of fog hovering on the verge of the southern horizon, and fearing that its approach on the morrow would prevent their projected excursion round the island, pro-

posed availing themselves of the remainder of so fine an afternoon and securing their anticipated enjoyment immediately. A proposal to which, as it was yet early, and there was a moon, the whole party joyfully acceded. Cato was instantly dispatched for carriages, and they soon set off—driving however with a rapidity which precluded the possibility of any thing like regular conversation, except when Mr. Thornton stopped the carriages to point out such objects as he deemed worthy of particular attention, such as the country seats which previous to the Revolution had been very elegant villas—those of Bowler, Bannister, Malbone and Redwood having been the most elegant, but which at present appear little better than farm-houses. On the summit of Quaker Hill, where stands the meeting-house whence it derives its name, Mr. Thornton also stopped that they might enjoy the most extensive prospect the Island affords. The pleasant towns of Bristol, Warwick, Kingston and Greenwich, and even the spires of Providence thirty miles distant, were distinctly visible. Quaker Hill was the scene of a bloody battle between the Americans under Gen. Sullivan, and the British who were at that time in possession of Newport, and

who were repulsed in the action and driven back to their lines.* The remains of numerous intrenchments thrown up at that period in various parts of the Island, attracted the attention of the young people during their drive. On their way the whole party alighted at Overing-House, a very agreeable country seat at Portsmouth and about five miles from Newport, where they were politely received by the proprietor (with whom Mr. Thornton had some acquaintance)—and had the satisfaction of visiting the chamber where the English General Prescott was sleeping, very little prepared for a night-march, when he received the unexpected visit of Col. Barton.

"Edward," said Mr. Thornton, as his grandson was sitting on his knee beside the window, "If you will tell me at what time, and in what manner Colonel Barton captured the English General, I will afterwards point out to you the direction in which they took him across the fields to the shore. Frank read the narrative from the American History for you to day—did he not?"

"Yes sir," replied Edward, "it was on the evening of the 10th of July 1777, that Colonel

* See Note VI.

Barton* came with a party of chosen men in two boats, having the oars muffled, and passing down the west side of the Island very quietly and cautiously, for fear of alarming the British water-guards and sentinels. He landed with his men near a hollow ground, and made his way directly to the house of Mr. Overing, where the English General quartered."

"He landed yonder," observed the gentleman of the house, pointing from the window, "but go on young gentleman. What did the Colonel do next?" He seized the sentinel at the door sir, and came into the house, having with him a black man named Prince among his own men, and finding the door of the Englishman's chamber locked, the black man broke it open by striking his head against it—and the English General was carried off by them to Warwick Neck, and next day taken to Providence in a chariot. And now sir, please to show me the way they took him?"

"You deserve it my little man," observed the gentleman "for telling the story so handsomely and correctly," "there, young gentleman, they took him across those fields opposite the house, and

* See Note VII.

hurried him half dressed as he was to the boats that were waiting for him—and now tell me what you think of Col. Barton and his men."

"I think they were all very brave sir," replied Edward, "and I am sure one of them had a *famous hard head.*"

"You may well call it so, my dear," returned the gentleman, laughing, "since he was indebted to the hardness of his head for his *fame*—and he now figures in history."

"I dare say sir, that the Englishman wished it had been softer," added little Ned, as his grand-father rose and led the way down stairs. Mr. Thornton was obliged to take a hasty leave of the family at Overing-House, in order to gratify the young people who were very desirous of visiting Whitehall, the seat of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley. As they approached the unpretending dwelling which had once been the home of that great and good man, little Emma, in a tone of disappointment exclaimed, "Oh dear! I think they had better call it *black* hall, for there is not a speck of *white* about it. It is a dismal looking place grand-papa—and I think it a very ugly house for a great man to live in."

"Great men do not always live in elegant

houses my dear," said Colonel Hardy, in reply to her remark, which her grand-father did not hear, being engaged in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, "the greatest geniuses, and the best of men have often passed their lives in miserable hovels, my little girl."

"But why is it called Whitehall, when it is so black, sir?" asked Edward.

"It received its name from Bishop Berkeley my dear," answered the Colonel, "and was so called, I imagine, in honour of the Palace where the British King then sometimes resided."

"Well sir, I wish they would paint it then for I think it looks very shabby.

"But why does not the proprietor repair it, Colonel Hardy," inquired Frank; "and to whom does it belong sir?"

"To no individual. It was given by Bishop Berkeley to Yale College, I am told, of which Institution the Bishop was a generous benefactor." The carriage stopped as he ceased speaking, and the party alighted. They were exceedingly gratified in being allowed to visit apartments which had been so long and often honored by the presence of so distinguished and excellent a man—in walking the same floors and looking from the same

windows, where he was once accustomed to move, and to look from.

"And does nobody in Newport recollect any anecdotes of so celebrated a person, who so long resided among them!" cried Alfred.

"Very few are now living,—perhaps *none*," said Mr. Thornton, "of those who knew him personally. He lived much in retirement devoting himself to literary pursuits. He however sometimes preached at Trinity church, but his life was quiet and unmarked by any remarkable incident while residing here. His memory is, and will ever be cherished with regard and veneration by the people of Rhode-Island, however, for he was the benefactor of the poor and the friend of all."

"I recollect hearing only one person speak of Dean Berkeley as having been personally acquainted with him," said Miss Thornton, "and that person was a Mrs. Br—ne, a friend of my mother's, who died at a very advanced age some twenty years since."

"You have some anecdote treasured up then, I'll warrant," exclaimed Colonel Hardy. "If you ever heard any thing of such a man *you* are not the person to have forgotten it, Miss Katie, so let us have it, I entreat you, however trifling it may be."

"It *is* trifling sir," returned Miss Katie, smiling at the avidity with which he seemed prepared to receive the trivial anecdote she had to offer. "This Mrs. Br——ne told me that the Dean was on terms of the most familiar friendship with her father and his family, and when residing at Whitehall he was in the habit of stopping at their house for refreshment, and to visit the family, whenever he rode to town. And when the weather was very cold he was accustomed playfully to demand of Mrs. Br——ne what he called *his dram.*"

"A dram!" echoed Edward and Emma, in amazement, "a good man! and *drink drams*, aunt Katie?"

"No my dear, I never heard of his *drinking* a dram in all my life," replied Miss Katie, laughing, "Dean Berkeley's drams were such as no one could disapprove, I think. I am sure at least, that you and I are both very fond of them, though you would find it difficult to guess what they were, I believe."

"Oh do tell us aunty," cried Edward, "for I never heard of *drams* before which were not very bad indeed."

"Dean Berkeley's, however, were very good and

innocent, I can assure you," said Miss Thornton, "and he found them very comfortable on a cold day, as he often assured Mrs. Br——ne. They were nothing else but gingerbread-cakes Edward, with a great deal of ginger in them, which makes them warm you know; and these the Dean used jocularly to call his *drams*."*

"Oh what a droll name for gingerbread! I think he was a funny old gentleman, aunt Katie," cried Emma, "and I wish I had a good large slice of one of his drams this minute."

"I shall always think of Dean Berkeley now, when I eat gingerbread," said Edward, "and I wish nobody would meddle with any other kind of drams but his."

"Amen! to that wish dear Ned, with all my heart!" exclaimed Colonel Hardy; "but is it not getting late my dear sir?" he asked, turning to Mr. Thornton; "we shall be obliged to drive with great rapidity in order to give the young people a peep at Lawton's valley, where we hope to have many a merry pic-nic together next summer. I see poor Mrs. Hardy is thinking of a late return to Wolcott, by the anxious expression of her countenance."

* A fact related by the late Mrs. B——e a respectable lady of N.

"You are right sir," replied Mr. Thornton, "and we must bid adieu to Whitehall, ladies, if we would avoid an evening ride," and offering his arm to Mrs Hardy he led the way to the carriages. Lawton's Valley is a pleasant little glen, through which flows a little stream of water which crosses the Island, turning the wheels of several mills in its course, and being thickly overhung with trees and shrubbery affords a shady and pleasant retreat to its numerous visitors.

Mr. Thornton allowed them but brief space to admire its beauties before he hurried them back to the coach. On their route homeward he pointed out to them the elegant villa of the late Samuel Elam, an English gentleman by birth, who became a citizen of America, and passed the last fifty years of his life at this place, which had been bequeathed him by an uncle. Though Mr. Elam was a bachelor he lived in great splendor, at "*Vaucluse*," the name which he had bestowed on his beautiful villa, on account of some real or fancied similarity between his own fate and that of the celebrated Petrarch. The place still retains the name, although on the death of Mr. E. it passed into other hands, having been sold by the agent of his heir, who resides in England. Vaucluse is de-

cidedly the most elegant country seat, at present on Rhode Island.

It was so late when the party reached town that it was not without many apprehensions for her own and her husband's safety, that Mrs. Hardy committed herself to the barge that was to convey her to Wolcott. It was in vain however that her friends entreated her to remain all night in town; she would not be prevailed on to absent herself so long from her children. On the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. Thornton perceiving his young people were extremely fatigued, at an earlier hour than usual summoned his family to prayers, after which they were very glad to retire immediately to rest, which they did, however, with a feeling of sadness at the reflection, that it was the last night they should for a long time pass beneath the happy roof of their beloved grand-father.

CONCLUSION.

On rising the following morning, Mrs. Thornton's attention was attracted by a busy group in the garden. It was composed of all her children surrounding old Cato, under whose direction they appeared to be very diligently employed. In answer to her inquiries, she learned that they were thus assembled to gratify the worthy African, at whose request they were each planting with their own hands, a young tree in the little plat of ground appropriated exclusively to himself, and called "Cato's garden," that he might have the satisfaction of cultivating the trees, and calling them by the names of his young friends when they were absent. So touching a mark of the old negro's attachment to "dear Massa Harry's children," drew tears from the eyes of Mrs. Thornton, and descending immediately to the garden she completed the faithful old servant's gratification by planting one likewise, with her own hand, and requesting him to call it by her name.

Alfred and Ellen had been sent early to the shops to procure various little articles, and all the children had now the satisfaction of bestowing a parting gift on each of the domestics, by whom they were received with pride and pleasure. Mr. Thornton on going out for his morning walk took the children with him to visit the observatory, which commands a delightful prospect. At ten o'clock the whole family repaired to Fort Wolcott, to pay a parting visit to their friends the Hardy family; but as they knew not at what hour the steamer in which they were to take passage for New York might arrive from Providence, their visit was necessarily a short one.

As nothing is more painful than leave-taking, we intend to spare our young readers the melancholy detail. It is indeed much easier for them to imagine than for us to describe the pain experienced by all parties in bidding adieu to each other for so long a time. Mrs. Thornton and her family continued on the deck of the steamer, gazing with tearful eyes on the receding shores until fading in the distance they were no longer able to discern the roofs and spires of the pleasant town which had given birth to the lamented husband and parent, for whose sake alone, had it possessed no

other attraction for them, they must ever have loved "a city which," says Dr. Morse, "notwithstanding it wears the gloomy aspect of decay, is far-famed for the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its climate, and the politeness and hospitality of its inhabitants." That these encomiums are not entirely unmerited, we believe will be acknowledged by all who have ever passed any time at Rhode-Island, which during his late visit to Newport, His Excellency John Q. Adams (then our President) pronounced to be "the loveliest gem on the bosom of Ocean."

We are happy to inform our young readers that after a pleasant little voyage, Mrs. Thornton and her family arrived safely at their native city, and were soon quietly settled in their own residence in ——— street, where we are assured the young people are making great and rapid progress in their studies, and gladdening the hearts of their widowed mother and affectionate relatives, by their improvement in knowledge and virtue. Wishing that all our young readers may follow their example and thereby render themselves respected, useful and happy, we will close our little volume with a quotation from an able living

writer.* "Newport," he writes, "appears venerable in ruins. She resembles a beautiful, battered shield, hung up for admiration in the great hall of the nation. Rhode-Island may yet be restored to her pristine beauty, for her armorial ensign is a foul-anchor with the motto.

"In te Domine spiravimus."——"

* Dr. W——house's Notices of the life of the late Abraham Redwood of Newport.

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTE I.—p. 17.

"TONOMY," COMMONLY CALLED TAMMANY HILL.

"When Mr. William Coddington came to look for a place of settlement, he found a tribe of Indians on the Island whose sachem was named Wonnumetonomy. His wigwam stood on a remarkable hill at the north part of the township of Newport. Coddington applied to the sachem to purchase the Island—whose answer was, that Canonicus and Miantonimo were the chief sachems, and that he could not sell the land. This Wonnumetonomy was the resident sachem or governor of this Island under the Narragansett sachems. The place of his residence was called by the English after his name, vulgarly abbreviated to *Tonomy Hill*, until about fifteen years since when it underwent a new corruption, and is now generally called Tammany Hill. Tonomy Hill may therefore be considered as having been the royal residence of the sachems both before and after the conquest of the Island by the Narragansetts."—FROM A HISTORY OF RHODE-ISLAND PUBLISHED IN THE RHODE-ISLAND REPUBLICAN.

NOTE II.—p. 23.

The British took possession of Rhode-Island on the 6th December 1776, and evacuated it on the 25th October 1779.

"On Count D'Estaing's arriving at Georgia, it gave great alarm to the Royalists of New York, hearing an attack on that city was his principal view in making a second visit to the United States. All the outposts were called in, and Newport ordered to be evacuated. This took place on the 25th October 1779, (the anniversary of their king's coronation) having previously blown up the light-house at the entrance of the harbor. Their evacuation was precipitate, being under apprehensions that General Gates would visit the Island before they could leave it. The next day after they went off, Gen. Gates went on with a part of his force from Providence and took possession of the Island." —MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

NOTE III.—pp. 40, 104.

"Rhode-Island was called Aquidnet, Aquidnay, or Aquidneck, by the Indians; the name signifies "the Isle of Peace," the following account of its conquest by the Narragansetts is from the memoir of R. I.," published in the Rhode-Island Republican before quoted.

"The Indians who inhabited the Island of Aquidnet, were the subjects of the Narragansett sachems in the most extensive sense of the word. Their right, was the right of entire and unconditional conquest. The Island was conquered sometime before the settlement of the English at New Plymouth. The time of the conquest is not precisely known, but the battle which terminated the war and decided the fate of the Aquidians is believed to have been fought at a place about three and a quarter miles from the state house in Newport, in the town of Middletown, at the Swamp or low ground near the brook, or river as it was formerly called, a little eastward of the East-road, or road leading to Bristol ferry. The traditional account of this battle has been handed down from a physician who lived near the spot more than an

hundred years since, whose name was Dr. Garret, and who must have had it from the Indians themselves, or from them through the old people then living, whose memory carried them back to the first settlement of the Island by the English. The Aquidian fleet first encountered the Narragansetts in a sea-fight and were overcome, routed and vanquished. At the before-mentioned place the Aquidians collected the remnant of their warriors and tribe, commanded by their sachem in person, to make the last struggle in defence of their country and lives. The Narragansetts surrounded their camp, attacked them on all sides, and killed their sachems, routed and slew their warriors, and completed their conquest. The survivors then submitted themselves and lands to their conquerors and became their tributaries. Wonnumetonomy (the sachem before mentioned) is supposed to have been the son and heir of the sachem killed in the battle aforesaid—and to have submitted himself, his tribe, and his lands to the Narragansetts."

NOTE IV.—p. 150.

"The King's armed schooner Gaspee, having been troublesome to the trade of Rhode-Island, they burnt her June 9th 1772."—MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

"The cruiser sloop of war, Captain Howe, arrived at Boston in December, bringing a Commission under the Great Seal of England, appointing Joseph Wanton, of Rhode-Island, Daniel Horsemander, Chief Justice of New York, Frederick Smith, Chief Justice of New Jersey, Peter Oliver, Chief Justice of Massachusetts Bay, and Robert Auchmuty, Judge of Admiralty, to make inquiry into the affair of burning the Gaspee at Rhode-Island. Admiral Montague was directed to hoist his flag at Newport, during the sitting of the Court of Enquiry. The Commissioners accordingly met at Newport, made inquiry and adjourned. They met again, and dissolved their meeting. It produced nothing but expense."—IBID.

NOTE V.—p. 182.

Baron De Courcy.

The following notice of this nobleman is taken from the Newport Mercury 1832:—

"On the first of February last, died at Kinsale, the Right Hon. Thomas De Courcy, Lord Kinsale, Baron De Courcy and Ringrone. His Lordship was the Premier Baron of Ireland, and enjoyed the hereditary privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence, granted to John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, by King John, and lately exercised by Lord John De Courcy, at a Court held in Dublin Castle by George Fourth, in 1821."

"We transcribe this obituary notice from a London paper of February 20th, 1832, because we of Rhode-Island, feel a peculiar interest with regard to this family, of which the present branch sprang from the Town of Newport, Rhode-Island.

It was probably between the years 1720 and 1725 that the younger, and we presume the *only* brother of the Baron of Kinsale, for some reasons of discontent, emigrated to North America, and selected Newport, R. I. as the place of his residence. He came here with small pecuniary means of support, and those means being soon exhausted, he was reduced to the state of a common laborer to obtain subsistence. His character was that of a frank and honest man, enlivened with the jocose humor of a true son of Erin. Whether his wife was a Newport, or an Irish woman, we have not to *our sorrow*, the means of ascertaining. It is, however, presumable that he left his home unincumbered with wife or children, and married after he settled here. But we have heard it related by several of those who knew him well, that he was careful to have his children registered, because, as he used to say when rallied upon the subject, "there is but one life between me and a peerdom." His eldest son was bound an apprentice to a

Captain Beard, who, in those days commanded a merchantman belonging to this port. This was the youth, who we have reason to believe, shared in the honor of taking Porto Bello, in 1740. When Admiral Vernon was returning to England from his command on the West-India station, a merchant-ship bound from London to Jamaica, was spoken, and on inquiry for newspapers, the captain of the ship sent two late papers on board the Flag, for the gratification of the Admiral, after his long absence. In perusing these papers the Admiral exclaimed, "Ah!—the Baron of Kinsale is dead!" The steward quickly carried the news to a young gallant tar of the forecastle whose name was Courcy.

"Is he dead?—then, by the powers! something will come to me!"

The steward reported this reply to the Admiral, who ordered the young sailor to his presence.

"My lad, what is your name?" he asked.

"De Courcy, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In Newport, Rhode-Island, sir."

"Are you related to the late Thomas De Courcy Baron of Kinsale?"

"He was my uncle sir,—he was my father's elder brother."

"What induced your father to leave Ireland, and settle at Newport?"

"That reason was my *father's* secret, your honor, and not mine."

"Well, my lad, return to your station, and whatever may be your change of condition hereafter, I hope you will continue to do your duty faithfully, till you shall be discharged."

"Your honor may rely upon that."

We hold this anecdote from the late Captain Benjamin Pearce, who dined with De Courcy at Kinsale, many years after he took possession of his title and estates. He was a man of benevolent

feelings, and preserved, as long as he lived a kind remembrance of the place of his birth, and a strong attachment to the man who protected and instructed him in boyhood. No Rhode-Islander ever, to his knowledge came within fifty miles of his residence, without receiving an invitation to his hospitable mansion—and the worthy Captain Beard received as a token of De Courcy's gratitude, a cask of wine, annually, to the year of his death.

We have examined all that remains of the Town Registers of the first forty years of the 18th century, and have found nothing to shed the least light upon the marriage, family and connections of the De Courcy who found an asylum here, but we believe that his death preceded for some years that by his brother, the Baron of Kinsale. We had strong reasons for saying that it was with feelings of *sorrow* that we found ourselves unable to give an explicit account of this family—for these feelings are enhanced by a grievous loss inflicted on our whole community by the same cause. It is really painful to turn over the mutilated remnants of our Town Records.

The archives of a town are usually respected by all civilized nations. The filiation, and consequently the rights and fortunes of families, often depend upon the preservation of the Records. To pillage or destroy them, is an act so much the more atrocious, as it must be done in malicious villainy, without the least prospect of benefit to him by whom it is committed. Those of Newport were nevertheless carried off by the British Commanding General, when he evacuated the town in 1779. The vessel in which they were embarked, was shipwrecked and sunk at Hurl-Gate, on its way to New York. The case containing the records was many weeks afterwards recovered; but those authentic memorials of marriages, births, deaths, and conveyances of property were almost totally destroyed. This high misdemeanor must be attributed to General Prescott, whether it were committed by his order, by his permission, or by his negligence—for in every case it is the

duty of the commanding officer, in a station purely military, to see that no act be perpetrated under his command, that may bring disgrace upon the arms and character of his nation."—NEWPORT MERCURY, 1832.

NOTE VI.—p. 185.

BATTLE OF RHODE-ISLAND.

A plan was concerted for attacking Rhode-Island, and General Sullivan who commanded at Providence was employed in assembling an additional body of New England militia. Such was the eagerness of the people to co-operate with their new allies, (the French,) and their confidence of succeeding and reaping laurels, that some thousands of volunteers, gentlemen and others from Boston, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, &c. engaged in the service. When Count D'Estaing arrived off Point Judith, the pilots who were to have facilitated his entrance into Newport were wanting, which occasioned a delay. But on the morning of the 5th of August, (1778,) his operations commenced. The British set fire to the Orpheus, the Lark, Juno and Cerebrus frigates, and several other vessels on the appearance of his fleet, standing in near Providence Island to attack them. The Flora and Falcon were sunk afterward. The next day, (6th,) the American troops marched from Providence to Tiverton, under the command of General Greene, who had been despatched by General Washington, from the main army, to assist in the expedition. His Excellency also sent on the Marquis De La Fayette at the head of two thousand troops, who, by a rapid march, joined the militia in season. General Sullivan's first letter to Count D'Estaing, informed him that he was not ready to act, and desired that the attack might be suspended. It was agreed between them that they should land their forces at Portsmouth on the morning of the tenth. On the 8th, the French fleet went up the middle

passage leading into Newport harbor, when the British batteries began a severe cannonade which was returned with great warmth. The royal troops on the island having been just reinforced with five battalions, were about six thousand, under command of Sir Robert Pigot, who took every possible means of defence. The force under General Sullivan, was about 10,000 men. Upon receiving intelligence early in the month, that the enemy had abandoned their works at the north end of the island, and retired within their lines, about three miles from Newport, without regarding the agreement with Count D'Estaing, he concluded (as it appeared to him best,) to push over without loss of time. The army was immediately put in motion about 8 o'clock. The right wing, under General Greene, began to cross from Tiverton, and the rest of the Americans followed in order. The Massachusetts militia were attended by Mr. Hancock, as their Major General. At two in the afternoon, a fleet of 25 sail was discovered standing in for Newport. Lord Howe had determined to attempt the preservation of the island, but notwithstanding all his exertions, could not reach sight of it till the day after the French fleet had entered the harbor. Though his own exceeded it in point of number, it was far inferior to it in effective force. He had one ship of 74 guns, seven of 64, five of 50, six from 44 to 32, and 12 smaller vessels, including fire-ships and bomb-ketches. When he first appeared, the garrison were much elated, but on learning that he brought no provisions, of which they were nearly exhausted, they were equally dejected. A sudden change of wind favoring the Count, he stood out to sea with all his squadron about 8 o'clock the next morning. They were severely cannonaded in passing the batteries, but received no material damage: Howe, deeming the weather-gage too great an advantage to be added to the superior force of the Count, contended for that object with all the skill of an experienced seaman, while the Count

was as eager to preserve it. This contest prevented an engagement on that day, and the wind on the following still continuing adverse to the design of Howe, he determined to make the best of present circumstances, and wait the approach of the Count. A strong gale which increased to a violent tempest, and continued nearly 48 hours, put by the engagement. Two of the French ships were dismasted, and others much damaged. The Languedoc of 90 guns, D'Estaing's own ship, lost her rudder and all her masts, and was met in that condition on the evening of the 13th, by the Renown, of 50 guns. Captain Dawson bore down without hoisting colors. The Count ordered Capt. Caleb Gardner who was on board as a pilot, to hail him, that he might know what ship it was. Dawson made no reply, but ran with a full sail and a fair wind till he was under the stern of the Languedoc, then hoisted English colors, fired in great and small shot and musketry, and sailed off—on which the Languedoc fired two chase-guns after him when he attempted to approach her no more. The same evening the Preston of 50 guns, Commodore Hotham, fell in with the Tonant of 80 guns, with only his mainmast standing, and attacked her with spirit—but night put an end to the engagement. The junction of six sail of the French squadron prevented all further attempts on the two disabled ships, by the Renown and Preston in the morning.

On the 16th, the Isis of 50 guns, Captain Raynor, was chased by the Cæsar, Captain Bougainville, a French 74 ship. Neither had suffered in the tempest. A desperate engagement was maintained on both sides with the greatest obstinacy for an hour and a half, within pistol shot. The Cæsar at length put before the wind and sailed off, the captain having lost an arm, the lieutenant his leg, and a number of men being killed and wounded, and the ship considerably damaged. The Isis had suffered so much in rigging and masts that she could not attempt pursuit.

The troops under General Sullivan having landed, possessed themselves of the heights near the north end of the island. They suffered no less than the ships by the tempest. The wind blew most violently, attended by a flood of rain throughout the day, and increased so at night, that not a marque or tent could stand. Several soldiers perished by the severity of the storm, many horses died, and the greatest part of the ammunition delivered to the troops was damaged, and the condition of the army was deplorable. The garrison (at Newport,) having enjoyed better accommodations, and greater security than the Americans, Sir Robert Pigot had a fair opportunity of attacking the latter, while dispirited and worn down by the painful scenes from which they had just emerged. General Greene, and some British officers, are of opinion that a bold and vigorous onset under such circumstances, would have been highly successful. But as nothing of the kind occurred, the 14th was spent by the Americans in drying their clothes, &c. and getting in order for an advance. The next morning they marched at six o'clock, and took post about two miles from the British lines. By the 20th, they had opened two four-gun batteries, but their approaches were slow. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the French fleet were discovered standing for Newport. General Greene and the Marquis La Fayette went on board the Languedoc to consult upon the measures proper to be pursued for the success of the expedition. They urged Count D'Estaing to return to the harbor of Newport. He was apparently inclined to a compliance but all his principal officers were rather unfriendly to him. He being a land-officer, they thought it an affront to their understandings, and a piece of injustice done to their merits to have him appointed over their heads—and therefore crossed him in every measure that looked like giving him reputation, in order if possible, to bring him into disgrace. His instructions from the Court of France were to go into Boston if the fleet met with any misfortune, or if there appeared a superior British force upon the

coast. The Count *had* met with a misfortune—the Cæsar which had steered for Boston was missing, and a superior British fleet was expected. His officers insisted on his following his instructions, and entered a formal protest against his prosecuting the expedition any further.

About twelve o'clock at night General Greene and the Marquis returned, and made a report of what had passed. The next day letters went on board from Generals Sullivan and Hancock, as also a protest, dated, "Camp before Newport, August 22nd 1778," and signed by John Sullivan, N. Greene, John Hancock, J. Glover, Ezek. Cornell, Wm. Whipple, John Tyler, Solomon Lovett and John Fitzconnell. They protested in a solemn manner against the Count's taking the fleet to Boston, as derogatory to the honor of France, contrary to the intention of his most christian majesty and the interest of his nation, and destructive in the highest degree to the welfare of the United States of America, and highly injurious to the alliance formed between the two nations. One of the reasons assigned for the protest was, that the army and stores collected for the reduction of the Island would be lost by giving the enemy an opportunity of cutting off the communication with the main, and totally preventing the retreat of the army. The best apology that can be offered for the protest is, that it was designed as a finesse to induce the captains of the French fleet to consent to its returning to Newport. But it had not this effect, and met with a spirited answer from the Count who sailed next day for Boston.

It appears unreasonable to censure the Count for going to Boston when his officers insisted on the measure, though had he returned to Newport, the (British) garrison would most probably have capitulated before Howe could have succored them.

Upon his fleets sailing for Boston, it was said that "there never was a prospect so favorable blasted by such a shameful desertion." A universal clamor prevailed against the French, and letters

were sent to Boston containing the most bitter invectives against D'Estaing and all his officers, to counteract which the cooler and more judicious part of the community employed their good offices.

Between two and three thousand volunteers returned home in the course of twenty-four hours, and others continued to go off even among the militia, so that in three days Sullivan's army was greatly reduced, and was soon little more in number than that of the enemy. An attempt to carry the works by storm would have been too hazardous had all the volunteers and militia remained, for the bulk of the troops had never been in action. The necessity of a retreat was now therefore apparent, though on the morning of the 23rd the Americans had opened batteries, consisting in the whole of seventeen pieces of heavy artillery, 2 ten-inch mortars and three five-and-a-half-inch howitzers. Greene was against retreating hastily lest the appearance of timidity and inferiority should bring the enemy upon them, but he and Glover prepared for an expeditious retreat in case Clinton should arrive with a reinforcement. By the 26th all the spare heavy artillery and baggage were sent off the Island, and on the 28th at night between nine and ten the army began to move to the north end, it having been that day resolved in a council of war to remove thither, fortify the camp, secure a communication with the main and hold the ground till it could be known whether the French would return to their assistance. The Marquis La Fayette went to Boston to request their speedy return. Count D'Estaing would not consent to the return of the fleet, but offered to lead the troops under his command from Boston and co-operate with them against Rhode-Island.

The march of Sullivan's army was conducted with great order and regularity, and the troops arrived on the ground about 3 o'clock in the morning. About 7, they were alarmed by a brisk fire of musketry in their front, between their advanced corps of

infantry and the enemy, who had pushed after them on discovering their retreat. Sullivan asked the opinion of the Generals, and Greene advised to march and meet them, for he truly supposed they were come out in small detachments which might be cut to pieces, and farther apprehended that by advancing in force on the western road, they might possibly head that part of the enemy which marched down upon the east, and so unexpectedly possess themselves of Newport. Had this measure been adopted the Americans would probably have gained great advantages, as the whole of the enemy's force on the western road consisted only of Hessian chasseurs and the Anspach regiments of Voit and Seaboth, under Gen. Lossberg. On the east road was Gen. Smith, with the 22d and 43rd regiments, and the flank companies of the 38th and 54th. To the latter were opposed Col. Henry B. Livingston and his light troops. To the former, Col. Laurens with his. The enemy's superiority of numbers obliged both to give way, but a retreating fire was kept up with the greatest order. The advanced corps being re-inforced, gave the enemy a check, made a gallant resistance, and at length repulsed them. But the British commander sending forward reinforcements both to Lossberg and Smith, the Americans were obliged to retire near the front line of the army, which was drawn up in order of battle. The British advanced very near the Americans, but were repulsed by Glover, and retired to Quaker-hill. The royal troops soon availed themselves of the two heights on Sullivan's right, where they placed several pieces of artillery, and at 9 o'clock began a severe cannonade on a redoubt, an advanced post on his right, which was returned with double force. Skirmishing continued between the advanced parties till 10, when the British ship of war, and several armed vessels having gained his right flank, began a fire—their associates on land bent their force that very way, endeavoring to turn Sullivan's right under cover of their ships, and to take his advanced redoubt. This brought on a warm and

brisk fire of musketry between the contending parties, and the action became in some degree general, and nearly 1200 Americans were engaged. The last of those that were sent forward got up just in time to prevent the success of the enemy, who were making a third effort to carry the redoubt—but they were now broken and retreated to the heights in great confusion leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field. After their retreat the field of battle could not be approached by either without their being exposed to the cannonade of the other army. The heat of the action was from two till nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, (August 29th, 1778.) The firing of artillery continued through the day —the musketry with intermission, six hours. The Americans make their loss in killed 30, wounded 132, missing 44. The British account makes their own killed 38, wounded 280, and missing 12. Gen. Greene in a letter to the commander-in-chief, says, "Our troops behaved with great spirit, and the brigade of militia under Gen. Lovell advanced with great resolution and in good order. Lieut. Col. Livingston, Col. Jackson, and Col. H. B. Livingston did themselves great honor in the transactions of the day. But it is not in my power to do justice to Col. Laurens, who acted both the General and the partisan. His command of regular troops was small, but did every thing possible to be done by their numbers."

Greene who commanded in the attack, did himself the highest honor by the bravery and judgment he exhibited. He attended strictly to the action the whole time, watching the movements of the enemy, and when to throw in the necessary reinforcements.

Gen. Sullivan next morning receiving advice that Lord Howe had again sailed, that a fleet was off Block Island, and that Count D'Estaing could not come as soon as he had been expected, it was concluded to evacuate the island. The sentries of both armies being within 400 yards of each other, the greatest attention was requisite. To cover the design of retreating, a great number

of tents were brought forward and pitched in sight of the enemy, and the whole army employed in fortifying the camp. At the same time the heavy artillery and stores were falling back and crossed the bay. At dark the tents were struck—the light baggage and troops passed down, and by twelve o'clock the main army had crossed. About that time the Marquis Lafayette arrived from Boston; he was sensibly mortified that he was not in the action. That he might not be out of the way in case of one, he had rode from the island to Boston, 70 miles in seven hours, and returned in six and a half. He got back in time to bring off the picketts and other parties that covered the retreat, which he did in excellent order—not a man was left behind, nor an article lost. The honor arising from so good a retreat, though great, did not compensate for the disappointment General Sullivan met with when in full expectation of taking Newport. The place must have fallen, had not Count D'Estaing left the harbor, or had he returned after chasing Lord Howe to a considerable distance."—GORDON'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, vol. 2. p. 369.

NOTE VII.—p. 186

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.

"A spirited adventure took place on the side of Rhode-Island, which not only fully retaliated the surprise of General Lee, but procured an indemnification of his person. Lieut. Colonel Barton, of a militia regiment of that state, with several other officers and volunteers to the number of 40, passed by night, July 10th, 1777, from Warwick Neck to Rhode-Island, and though they had a passage of ten miles by water, eluded the watchfulness of the ships of war, and guard-boats which surrounded the island. They conducted the enterprise with such silence and dexterity that they surprised General Prescott at his quarters, about one mile from the water side, and five from Newport, and brought him with one

of his aides-de-camp safe to the continent, which they had nearly reached before there was any alarm amongst the enemy. This adventure, which with impartial judges, must outweigh Col. Harcourt's capture of General Lee, produced much exultation on one side and much regret on the other, from the influence it must necessarily have on Lee's destination. Congress resolved within a few days after hearing of Prescott's capture that an elegant sword should be provided and presented to Col. Barton."—GORDON'S HISTORY, Vol. 2nd. page 213.

"Lieutenant Colonel Barton of the Rhode-Island militia, planned a bold exploit for taking Major Gen. Prescott, the commanding officer of the royal army at Newport. Taking with him on the night of the 10th July 1777, about 40 men in two boats with muffled oars, he had the address to elude the vigilance of the ships of war and guard-boats, and having arrived undiscovered at the quarters of Gen. Prescott, they were mistaken for the sentinels, and the General was not alarmed till his captors were at the door of his lodging-chamber, which was fast closed. A negro man named Prince, instantly thrust his *beetle-head* through the pannel door, and seized his victim in bed. The General's aid-de-camp leaped undressed from a window and endeavored to escape, but was taken, and with the General brought off in safety. In repassing the water-guards Gen. Prescott said to Col. Barton, 'Sir, I did not think it possible you could escape the vigilance of the water-guards.' This is the second time that General Prescott has been a prisoner in our hands within two years. The adventure is extremely honorable to the enterprising spirit of Col. Barton, and is considered an ample retaliation for the capture of General Lee. The event occasions great joy and exultation, as it puts into our possession an officer of equal rank with Gen. Lee, by which means his exchange may be obtained. Congress resolved that an elegant sword should be presented to Col. Barton for his brave exploit."—THATCHER'S MILITARY JOURNAL, p. 193.